



JOHN BULL

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908.

ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number
see page 317.

No. 183045



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. V. No. 122.

Saturday, October 3rd, 1908.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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IN the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division, 1908 (P. No. 1,198) between The Provident Association of London (Limited), Plaintiffs, and Frederick Arthur Elbourne, Defendant.—**TO THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON (Limited).** I, Frederick Arthur Elbourne, upon my own initiative, desire to make a full and complete apology for the libels which I have circulated against The Provident Association of London (Limited), and I hereby undertake not to repeat any of the same or similar libels, and to abide by the terms of the Judgment and Injunction granted against me in the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division, by the Honourable Mr. Justice Darling, on the 4th day of July, 1908.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1908.

FREDERICK ARTHUR ELBOURNE.

Witness to the signing hereof by the said Frederick Arthur Elbourne, F. Fletcher Mills, Solicitor, Birmingham.
HATCHETT-JONES, BISGOOD AND MARSHALL,
48, Mark Lane, London, E.C., Plaintiffs' Solicitors.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Back to work! For three weeks we were engaged—loyally following the example of His Majesty—in reducing, by the aid of Bohemia's magic waters, our superfluous adipose tissue—facilitating the process by physical exercise and the "simple life." Then, for a week, we explored the majestic Dolomite mountains of the Austrian Tyrol—skirting, in our motor car, the edges of deep precipices and mighty ravines, with an incidental peep at Innsbruck, Cortina, and other old-world places—winding up in Milan; and thence to Paris, London—and Modern Babylon. There is no room for sentiment there, and the mountains and valleys and the roaring streams—the Tyrolean peasants and their crucifixes—the grazing cattle and the working oxen—the yodels and the Tsitta bands—the hospices and cathedrals and the village churches; all these things must now be put aside, whilst we take our part once more in the ever-raging battle which constitutes the life of what is at one and the same

time the greatest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, the happiest and the most wretched city in the world.

One of the first items of news which reached us on our homeward journey was the result of the Newcastle election. It did not surprise us in the least. For months past we have predicted that the Government was committing suicide. In the forthcoming autumn session we shall do our little best to arrest the process—but we are not hopeful. At any rate, we don't propose to follow its example. The primary function of a Government, in our view, is to attend to the *business* of the nation—not to be constantly interfering with its morals. The present House of Commons is more like a mission hall than a deliberative chamber—and we are absolutely certain that a proposal to add a hymn to the opening prayers would be carried by a huge majority.

As regards the result of the election, here are the simple, indisputable facts. The Government vote has fallen by 7,000, and the Opposition has increased by 2,000. Let us add to the Government poll the whole of the votes recorded by the Socialist, and even then we have a drop in the Government total of 4,000 against the increase in that of the Opposition of 2,000. At this rate, South Hackney will soon be the only safe Democratic seat in the country. But at South Hackney they are not cranks.

With reference to the birth of the infant "Power" at the "Abode of Love" (with which infamous institution we deal elsewhere), we observe that Pigott describes himself on the birth certificate as a "Clerk in Holy Orders." As this designation can rightly be used only by an ordained priest of the Church of England, Pigott presumably has the legal right to preach, conduct the marriage service, and perform all the other sacred offices of the Church. Surely it is time this licentious scoundrel had that right taken from him. What has the Bishop of London to say?

We heartily congratulate Mr. Carnegie upon his latest benefaction, in endowing a fund for the reward of personal heroism. Beggars, of course, must not be choosers, but we can't help feeling that the library business has been somewhat overdone. If Mr. Carnegie can conveniently spare another quarter of a million, may we suggest that he should endow a fund for the study of the pathology of crime? At the same time, we don't quite like the idea of having to go to this Yankee millionaire for these things. But until Mr. Lloyd George sees his way to adopt our Budget proposals we suppose we must put up with the humiliation.

One of the King's most familiar characteristics is his minute attention to details. When he was at Marienbad he used to map out the services in the English church with the utmost care, pointing out what prayers, psalms and other devotions should be omitted, and what should be the length of the sermon. The service was always to be limited to fifty minutes, and it was not unusual for His Majesty to send a message to the vestry afterwards, saying, "The service was six minutes too long."

Royal personages are apparently in the habit of regulating the procedure in church in this way. It is related of the Duke of Connaught that, once when he was at Malta and had an important engagement for lunch, he sent an adjutant to hold up a watch in front of the pulpit during the sermon. We remember also, when we were once travelling in Bulgaria with Prince Ferdinand, how a village pope welcomed the opportunity of showing off his eloquence before his Sovereign, perhaps in hope of preferment. But when he had gone on preaching for about twenty minutes the Prince sent an equerry straight up to him, and he was told in a loud voice to bring his discourse to a close. It almost reminds one of the ecclesiastical manners of Oliver Cromwell, with his "Cease this fooling and come down."

At more or less regular intervals the health of the Queen of Holland becomes a matter of joy in the anticipation and disappointment in the event to all good Dutchmen and their spouses. Most of the European newspapers then publish preliminary paragraphs that Her Majesty is about to make an interesting contribution to the Dutch vital statistics. A few days afterwards the journalistic paragraphists are all busy announcing that this would really have happened if something hadn't occurred to prevent it, and that Her Majesty is too indisposed to give the matter that practical consideration which it deserves. Then the Court officials waltz in with a semi-official statement that what was announced was never due, but that nothing whatever has occurred to prevent it even if it were—that, in fact, Her Majesty is merely troubled with a passing indisposition. We take leave to say here and now that, unlike all the other journalists, we have no special and confidential information concerning Her Majesty's present or future intentions, but we don't mind hazarding a small wager that in less than twelve months from date the announcement will again be made in exceedingly large capitals that— After all, however, it is no business of ours. Her Majesty is entitled to make her own arrangements.

While if the cholera epidemic in Russia is what it is reported to be it will be almost impossible to prevent isolated cases entering British ports, there is every reason to believe that the sanitary authorities throughout the country have not only the means, but the power and the will, to examine carefully and thoroughly all ships entering British ports from abroad, as well as all their passengers before landing. But let the port sanitary authorities take what precautions they may, we can make up our minds that in any extensive cholera epidemic in Europe they would be unable wholly to exclude its appearance in England. At the time of examination a passenger may seem perfectly well, and so allowed to land; on landing he may be taken suddenly ill with cholera, treated, or not treated at all, by people in ignorance of the real character of the disease, and thus become a centre of widespread infection. Accidents of this kind barred, however, England was never in a better position to put cholera barriers round her coasts than she is to-day; her methods of sanitation have never been so perfect; so that the chance of cholera assuming epidemic proportions in our cities and towns is the remotest possible.

And let this be well remembered everywhere: You can eat cholera, and you can drink cholera, but you cannot catch cholera. As long as food and drink remain uninfected by the deadly bacillus, so long can epidemic cholera be kept at bay.

The Socialistic spouting of Alderman Hartley was far and away the liveliest feature of the Newcastle bye-election. Railway shareholders will be vastly entertained by what he said about them. They are, he remarked in a comprehensive phrase, an idle, unnecessary and parasitic class. That settles them right off; they may regard themselves as confiscated, dead, and buried. But, after all, it is not quite clear that they are any idler, any more unnecessary, and any more parasitic than Alderman Hartley. Like the village blacksmith, thousands of them have worked "week in, week out, from morn till night," through many years to save the money they have invested in railway stock; they are necessary, because, if there had been no shareholders, there would have been no railways, and, consequently, no work to do for a vast army of men, women and children dependent upon them for bread and butter; and, if they are parasitic, they are parasitic only in the same sense that Alderman Hartley is parasitic if he happens to have twopence in the Post Office Savings Bank and threepence in the Funds. In common with a great many other orators of his kind, indeed, Alderman Hartley seems to think through his boots and talk through his hat.

Talking of oratory, they do go it hot and strong on the Bristol Board of Guardians. The occasion of the more refined amenities was a meeting at which an application for relief was made by a woman who had been living with a man for 22 years, prior to which she had been deserted by her husband. According to all the rules of a highly Christian society, this conduct on the part of the lady was indubitably wicked, but, as the Bristol Board of Guardians does not happen to be the judgment seat of the Almighty, and as the woman would not have applied for relief unless she had need of it, it is difficult to see why any of the Guardians should have thought it worth while to dispute her claim. Whether in the end the lady obtained relief we do not know, the reporter being silent on that point. He has shorthanded all the tit-bits of the discussion verbatim, however, and it appears that, falling out over this case, Dr. Christie said something unacceptable to Mr. B. W. Poole, and Mr. Poole said something rather un-nice about Dr. Christie, whereupon Dr. Christie proceeded to his peroration, and Mr. Poole remarked that the orator was a liar. "What, you miserable wretch!" cried the doctor; "you dare to call me a liar! I will throw you out of the place." But Dr. Christie, taking second thought, happily refrained, and the throw was postponed *sine die*. But, for all we know, Mr. Poole is still in danger. Some day he may have to call upon Dr. Christie for a bottle of physic.

Sir Christopher Furness drives the nail right home when, in inviting the trade unions in the shipbuilding trade of the Hartlepoons to a conference, he asks why those who talk so glibly, and often so unjustly, of the confiscation of the fruits of labour by capitalists, and have so little regard for the claims of shareholders, do not utilise their large capital and start business on their own account, when they could take all the profits themselves. Taking a recent Return, we find that the trade unions registering under the Trade Union Acts have an income of £2,506,034 and a balance in hand, after expenditure for all purposes, of £5,449,763. Why, then, not start such industrial enterprises as cotton mills and shipbuilding yards, eliminate the "parasitic" capitalist and shareholder, pay themselves whatever wages pleases them best, and divide up the undiverted profits, if any, on the basis of a co-operative partnership? That would bring down all the fine words of

such men as Alderman Hartley out of the nebulous hazes of rhetoric to the tests of industrial activity. There would be no more strikes, lock-outs, or wages questions, and the rosy hue of a millennial dawn would tint the everlasting hills—perhaps. All depends on things too numerous to mention.

More news of the *Entente Cordiale*. Some time ago there was promoted in Paris a company called the General Anglo-French Society, the object of which was to encourage commercial relations between England and France, its capital being a million sterling. Whether it encouraged commercial relations between England and France is a point in some doubt, likewise whether it ever got the million in order to do it. The facts, at any rate, are that when the French functionary who corresponds to our Official Receiver called at the office of the Society in the Rue St. Denis the other day to ascertain the state of the finances, for the satisfaction of creditors, he found a capital of three shillings in the safe. It is understood that he is now confronted with the alternative of continuing to promote commercial relations between his great country and our own with the money, or of proceeding to realise the assets and declare a first and final dividend of the usual nothing in the £.

Talking of Paris, we like the idea of an enterprising publishing firm who is issuing cards in that city bearing the words, "I am very well, thank you. I am fully aware of the state of the weather, and have heard all the latest news." The idea is that ladies and gentlemen invited out to social functions shall fasten the cards in prominent positions on the outer aspects of their anatomy, thus protecting themselves against the torrent of gaseous conversation which is otherwise likely to pour in upon them. Firms in London may care to copy. When it is widely known that a guest at a party is quite well, knows all about the weather, and has heard all the latest news, nobody will want to tell him anything, and he can take his food and generally enjoy himself in comfort. The man or woman who wants to talk to him will have to find a topic of conversation which isn't hygienic, isn't meteorological, and isn't news. At a Smart Set dinner table, for instance, there would be nothing to say except such things as, "Will you please pass the salt?" or "I shall be delighted to have the mustard if you are not taking the whole lot," or "When you have finished with the decanter, pray pass it along." Even the toasts, if any, would probably be confined to one, and that one most favoured of the men of Lancashire: "Ear all, see all, say nowt. Eat all, drink all, pay nowt; and if yow do owt for nowt, do it for yer sen."

Some months ago Sir Oliver Lodge publicly stated that messages had been received from Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney, and Dr. Hodgson, who have been some time dead. At the time of their death they were all members of the Psychical Research Society, and each of them, Mr. Myers in particular, had made well-known contributions to the literature of psychical research. The evidence for the messages from this deceased trinity is now forthcoming, and—it amounts to the same old story. They were communicated to a lady known as Mrs. Holland, who, "sitting with her mind a blank," was "moved to write" them. Why Messrs. Myers, Gurney, and Hodgson should have taken the trouble to communicate from the "Beyond" with a lady who thinks it necessary to hide her identity, when they could easily have stepped over in the spirit and have had a personal chat with Sir Oliver Lodge across the walnuts and the wine is not for us to say. Anyhow, the messages are not in the handwriting of the dead men, but in that of the living woman, who was and is in a position to write what she pleases and attribute it

to anybody she pleases. If Messrs. Myers, Gurney and Co., deceased, have anything to say they should come and have a talk with some of us in open daylight; or, if prior engagements make that impossible, they should do their own writing. The "Mrs. Holland" evidence is all bunkum. From the scientific point of view it is not worth a moment's consideration. Those who credit it will credit any old yarn, however incredible. If it is not conscious fraud it is sub-conscious delusion. And when we find eminent scientists swallowing such flimsy manifestations, we begin to wonder whether we may not have been in the habit of attaching too much importance to their other "discoveries."

Canon A. W. Jephson has done such good, broad-minded work during the years he has been vicar of St. John's in Walworth that his loss will be widely felt in the public life of South London now that he has accepted the living of Ecton in Northamptonshire, offered to him by the Prime Minister. In accepting this call to a somewhat more restricted sphere of spiritual and social activity, Canon Jephson explains that he is leaving London solely on account of his wife's ill-health. This is a better and a more sufficient reason than is usually given in such cases, and we do not doubt that it represents the actual facts. We are sorry for the cause, and we shall not therefore go behind the reason. Our only regret is that the Prime Minister has been unable to find for Canon Jephson a living in outer London of equal value to that of Ecton, which is returned at £750 net, "with house." In that case, perhaps his services as a vigorous social and political worker might have been retained in the metropolis in which he has spent so many years of his useful life. Preferment near home has a wonderfully salutary effect on most of us. Possibly even Mrs. Jephson would have picked up quickly under the tonic effects of an increased income in a smaller parish nearer the heart of things. As it is, we wish for herself and the Canon long years of happy and healthful days.

The other day three magistrates sat in the place of justice at Malvern Petty Session, to wit, Colonel Heywood (in the chair), Mr. H. A. Acworth, C.I.F., and Mr. H. B. Little. In one case a sixteen-year-old was charged and pleaded guilty to cruelty to a horse. He beat the horse with a stick as hard as he could, and raised several weals. They let off this promising youth for half-a-crown, *sans* costs. Another case was that of a youth, same age, charged with throwing stones at a gas lamp. He missed the lamp, but hit the ironwork three times. For cruelty to the lamp the magistrates fined him five shillings. The case following was that of a man, 60 years of age, brought up on a charge of stealing five sheaves of wheat. "Defendant said he only took the wheat to his tent for the children to lie on." For being sixty years of age and neglecting to purchase a feather bed for his children the magistrates sentenced him to 14 days' hard without the option. In the next case the charge was one of stealing ten penn'orth of apples from an orchard. For not stealing double the quantity the magistrates sent down the prisoner to do a month. At any rate, if these were not the respective reasons for the sentences, we do not know what they were, and decline to guess. Perhaps the magistrates will explain.

The ratepayers of Hereford, in common with the ratepayers of other places, have a great deal to put up with. Take a story told in the local police court the other day. A policeman found a Sutton woman, the wife of a respectable farmer, communing with the winds, with her back against a wall and her hat on the pavement. The lady being perniciously drunk, the two children who had been with her were left to look after themselves. Having helped her to some sort of equilibrium, the policeman walked on. Presently, looking

back, "he saw the woman dragging the younger child with its face on the ground, resulting in its nose being badly grazed." It came out in evidence that the children belonged to the woman's daughter, and were illegitimate. The father had deserted the daughter, the mother had deserted the children, and the farmer's wife had got drunk while on her way to present them as a gift to the Guardians. At the time of writing they are in the Hereford Workhouse, which the Mayor said was the best place for them; whereupon the Clerk to the Hereford Guardians rose and said it wasn't, for the workhouse where they ought to be was Caerphilly. He added that this consignment of children was the third from South Wales which had been dumped on Hereford. We are sorry for this last little lot, anyhow. Wrong father, wrong mother, wrong grandmother, and wrong workhouse. Will they ever get right in this world, we wonder?

A bull in a china shop is one thing, but a cow in a motor car is another. The other day a cow called upon a Lymington gentleman at his house, uninvited, and being driven out, endeavoured to take its seat in a motor car which chanced to be passing at the time. This acrobatic performance was by no means perfect, for no sooner had it jumped in than it rolled out. The owner of the car followed, by either accident or design, and together with a lady and another occupant of the car, was badly bruised. The cow was badly bruised also, and deserves to be. In future it will perhaps look before it leaps. But what would George Stephenson have said to a cow and a motor?

The Medical Congress has the distinction of being the only scientific assembly which has had the courage to place the fresh egg on what may be Irished as a secure footing. One of the most important questions before that scientific assembly was, "What is a fresh egg?" After exhaustive discussion, it was decided that a fresh egg is one which has been recently laid. We have great pleasure in accepting this definition as the most accurate, comprehensive, and illuminating pronouncement on this grave problem within living memory; and now that people are aware what a fresh egg really is, it is hoped they will not only step inside and ask for it, but will have the good luck to get it. Unfortunately, the definition of a fresh egg according to a Geneva Congressman, and the definition of a fresh egg according to the man who runs an egg emporium, are quite different. The difficulties of identification, therefore, are still considerable; but, as a guide to purchasers, we may mention that, if the egg is excellent when you cook it, it is fresh; and, if it is horrible, it is a libel on a probably respectable hen. The subject may now be dropped.

A curious idea for advertising his sale has occurred to a tradesman at Kingston-on-Thames. He has sent out a circular commencing, "Crushed by the Rates. Look! Rent £45 per annum, Inhabited House Duty £50, Rates assessed at £43." This rather reminds us of the man whom we heard stumping at a street corner during the last County Council election. "An' luk at the rates!" he shrieked; "I say luk at 'em! There ain't no end to 'em. The collector's never off the doorstep. Tyke my case. I p'ys so much a year fer district ryte, an' so much a year fer water ryte, an' so much a year fer gas ryte, an' so much a year fer 'ouse ryte, an' so much a year fer hincome ryte, an' so much a year fer poor ryte, an' so much a year fer property ryte! That's what I gits fer being included in the birth ryte. But it down't end there. For, when I'm dead, the Cahnty Cahncil'll include me in the death ryte, an' them as I leaves the balance of me earthly possessions to 'll hav' to pay the Cemetary Company the grave ryte, an' the parson the burial ryte. An' that's how the Cahnty Cahncil crushes yer from the feedin' bottle to the tomb!" And then the orator stepped

down amid the vociferous applause of a sympathetic multitude. For they also had suffered!

There are some curious monopolies. That astute native King, Umbandine of Swaziland, gave one concession-hunter the sole right to construct railways through the country, while to another he granted a monopoly in the use of steam engines. But Brazil takes the biscuit for novelty in the shape of a concession. At Rio, the Santa Casa de Misericordia, for which read principal hospital, enjoys the "sole right" for the manufacture and supply of coffins, save in the case of British subjects. What a delightful prospect for the patients! How comforting to know, when entering the appropriately-named hospital, that it would better pay the authorities to kill than to cure you. But sentiment in these practical days is a losing game. We once heard of an undertaker with whom business was extremely bad. For six months he had not booked an order. He then heard that his father had died suddenly, whereupon he exclaimed with relief, "Thank Heaven, the ice is broken at last."

It is the lot of municipal bodies to receive more kicks than ha'pence. Perhaps they get justice on the whole. If, however, they spend with a lavish hand, it is sometimes with a view to achieving a really laudable object. How many ratepayers know, for example, that the London County Council has its own conveyances for taking little cripples to school and home again? The vehicles are constructed on the latest approved principles, with movable stretcher beds for spinal patients. If the parents can afford it, the cripples are supplied with a good, sound mid-day meal for the small sum of twopence. To say that the system is excellent is scarcely enough. Through its agency the lives of numberless afflicted children are rendered brighter, not to mention the educational benefits they receive. At Golder's Green a few days back some fifty or sixty of these poor cripples were enjoying an outing and making merry. And the sight cheered the heart, even though it had its pathetic side. The conveyances were the centre of curiosity, and many enquirers seemed astonished to hear that municipal government extended to so good an object. The lusty cheering of the little ones in recognition of their day's pleasure showed how much they appreciated it. One almost felt that an extra halfpenny on the rates becomes a tolerable burden when it means the penetration of light and sunshine into the dark corners of human misery.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. Henri Koe, who is in business by the Zuyder Zee, on the results of the first cutting of the King's tremendous diamond. One half of it is now a beautiful white stone of 330 carats; the other half, to be finished in about the end of the year, will weigh 600 carats. There are lots of odd chips throwing about the shop, we understand, chips of the old block, as it were; and if His Majesty has no particular use for them, he might have them swept up and forwarded to this office, where we will apply them by secret processes of financial conversion towards the general expenses of this philanthropic organ.

Why don't English trains carry letter-boxes as foreign trains do? It would save a good deal of time for anxious correspondents.

It was about time that constitutional government was talked of for Abyssinia, where the most barbarous despotism has gone on ever since the days of the Queen of Sheba. Men's hands are still cut off for petty crimes, awful mutilations are perpetrated by the soldiery, and corruption is rampant throughout the whole system of government.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that a man who "lost the major portion of the third finger of his left hand had before this lost the two little fingers of the same hand,"

THE TIMBER NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting an inquest as follows: The widow "stated that her husband had died with chronic heart disease, and the jury returned from a yachting cruise,"

THE FINANCIAL NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the iris of a bloodhound is of dark blue serge,

THE LIVERPOOL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the "Indomitable" is "faster than any other ship ON EARTH,"

ANSWERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the magistrates granted a Separation order, allowing Mrs. Patterson 11s. a week and the custody of the Chairman,"

THE SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE & SHIPPING TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing an account of an "illuminated concert" on Keat's Green, Shanklin, on August 28th, and stating that "the whole affair passed off most successfully," whereas, owing to a heavy storm, the concert was postponed,

THE ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "a Brixton woman of 48, named Ellen Mary Robinson, received a legacy of £0 from her brother. In three months she had spent it all in drink,"

THE WESTERN EVENING HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA A PIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of June 6, July 18, August 15 and 22:—

R. O. CAYFORD, 17, High Street, Bridgetown, Barbados. (No. 98352.—June 6th.)
JOHN CONNOR, 3, Ormus Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester. (No. 104064.—July 18th.)
S. AUSTIN MARSH, Sefton House, Granville Street, Peterboro'. (No. 96696.—July 18th.)
H. LAMBERT, 9, St. John's Road, Canning Town, E. (No. 60827.—August 15th.)
FRANK H. WHITWORTH, 10, Parade Chambers, East Parade, Sheffield. (No. 77343.—August 15th.)
JAMES J. MALCOLM, 98, Burrows Road, Kensal Rise, W. (No. 130652.—August 22nd.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Aug. 29:—

3219; 4852; 4856; 7561; 12339; 13343; 19330;
20633; 20644; 20875; 34826; 36963; 37277;
39751; 44560; 46348; 48103; 50765; 52125;
54125; 57190; 62239; 62859; 64475; 67403;
69602; 70615; 71175; 72350; 73133; 75071;
76282; 79980; 83187; 83841; 94881; 98614;
106142; 110035; 113264; 114234; 118507; 118971;
123303; 127596; 135037; 135147; 136181; 136392;
148085.

INITIAL NOTICES SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RESPECTED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 7th (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 5th).

"John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

TWO PIANOS.
TWENTY BICYCLES.
ONE HUNDRED WATCHES.
ONE HUNDRED UMBRELLAS.
ONE HUNDRED CLOCKS.
TEN GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING BAGS.
TEN LADIES' DRESSING BAGS.
ONE HUNDRED WALKING STICKS.
SIX SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICES.
TWENTY DINNER SERVICES.
FIFTY HANDSOME VASES.
ONE HUNDRED PURSES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.
ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL DOLLS.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF TOYS.
ONE HUNDRED SETS OF STANDARD BOOKS.
FIVE HUNDRED FRAMED PRINTS, IN SEVEN COLOURS,
OF THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "JOHN BULL."
ONE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.
ONE HUNDRED CAKES.
ONE HUNDRED DOZEN MINCE PIES.
ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
TWELVE CASES OF BRANDY, WHISKY, PORT, SHERRY,
AND GIN.
ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed on page 3 of Cover and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned, on a similar basis, amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others (to be shortly announced) will apportion the Gifts, and their decision is to be final.

We hope to announce the names of the Committee next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

The coupon will be found on page 3 of Cover. It can thus be cut out, without in any way interfering with the contents of the paper.

Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "ABODE OF LOVE"—AND LUST.

By F. E. F.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

Much has been written about the notorious Agapemone, or "Abode of Love," at Spaxton in Somersetshire. Fertile imaginations of certain London journalists have been responsible for many extraordinary stories purporting to give a true account of the inner life led by the inmates of this community. They have also attempted to portray Smyth-Pigott, the self-styled "Messiah," but let it be said at once that the majority of these attempts are mere caricatures. And for this reason, that those who have written with such facile pens have relied mainly upon local gossip—a huge storehouse of "information" which is as unreliable as it is plentiful. The fact of the matter is, the truth has never been told in all its naked entirety concerning Pigott and his satellites for the very simple reason that those who are qualified to undertake the task know that its nauseating details are scarcely fit for the columns of the public press. As the skunk is protected from molestation solely by the intolerable effluvia with which it surrounds itself, so Smyth-Pigott knows full well that he is safe—or rather has been safe—in the loathsome atmosphere of blasphemy and licentiousness with which he is surrounded.

As one who has penetrated into the "Abode," held converse with Pigott, and heard him set forth his "doctrine," had communication with his dupes, and seen with his own eyes the actual lives led by the inmates, I claim to be in a position to speak with authority on this subject. Nor is this all. I have spent many days in carefully and laboriously examining into, and unravelling, the tangled threads of blasphemous pretensions, unhallowed pursuits, and cold-blooded methods of swindling practised by this clever rogue and his two henchmen, viz., Douglas Hamilton and Reed. These three men may be described as the syndicate who run the show, for although Pigott may be hailed as the "Messiah," the "Sent of God," and the "One that we looked for," by his silly, female dupes, amongst themselves these three men are equal, and, to use a vulgar term, share the "swag."

THE GENESIS OF THE ABODE.

Let us take a glance at the early history of the Agapemone, and see how it came about that Pigott was able to drop so easily and successfully into this "soft" little crib. Without going into unnecessary details, it may be said that the Agapemone in its present form was founded by the famous, or infamous, Brother Prince. Originally the Curate of Charlinch, a neighbouring hamlet, he discovered early in life that there were easier ways of earning his living than by intoning prayers or preaching sermons in a half-empty church. Abandoning the Church of England, he betook himself to Brighton, and, seeking whom he might devour, he came across two ladies who possessed more money than brains. Prince was nothing if not vigorous, and laying siege to the hearts of both ladies at once, he captured not merely their affections, but also their cash. Founding in that town a little chapel known as the "Ark of the Covenant," he proceeded to seek other ladies also possessed of more than a sufficiency of this world's goods. Meeting with great success, he abandoned Brighton, shut up the "Ark of the Covenant," and purchased a mansion at Spaxton, now known far and wide as the Agapemone. Settling down here, he announced that he was the "Forerunner"—a blasphemous parody on the relation of John the Baptist to Christ upon earth—and followed this up by taking unto himself a certain number of "spiritual wives." Business prospered. Money was plentiful, for apparently there was no lack of ladies who were credulous enough to believe that the renegade curate was endued with almost divine qualities. Prince announced himself as immortal, but one day he had the misfortune to depart this life, and was duly buried by his sorrowing disciples beneath the drawing-room window of the "Abode." Amongst other legacies left behind was a certain lady, the daughter of a Miss Paterson. For some reason or other, Prince took especial notice of this child of love, and after his decease the management of affairs was left entirely in her hands, she being at this time about 22 years of age. Then began what may be described as a kind of interregnum—a period of weary waiting for the coming of the one who should fill the place of the departed Brother Prince, and once more

bring joy to the hearts of the faithful Agapemonites. Years rolled on, the Princeites (as the followers of the "Forerunner" were known locally) became fewer and fewer, until only Miss Paterson and about five other ladies, now getting into the sere and yellow leaf, remained to tell of the glorious bygone days.

PIGOTT AND THE CHURCH.

The early history of this cunning rascal makes interesting reading. Apparently nature meant him for either a Don Juan or a vendor of patent medicines, for he possesses in a high degree the qualifications of a glib tongue and suave manner. His speciality is the influence that he undoubtedly wields over female minds. With ladies of an ecclesiastical turn of mind he is irresistible, but more of this anon. The son of well-to-do parents, he also learnt the same lesson as his illustrious "Forerunner," that it is possible to live very comfortably, and live very well without doing a stroke of hard work. True, after several unsatisfactory starts in life, he found himself as a sailor before the mast, on a half-passenger, half-cargo boat plying between Sunderland and London. But Pigott had a soul above the hauling of ropes, and the swabbing of decks. He decided to enter the Church, and his parents having acquired a fair share of this world's goods, he was sent to Oxford, and ultimately ordained.

"ENTER THE MESSIAH."

On December 21st, 1882, Pigott was licensed to the curacy of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, N.; the Vicar at that time was the Rev. D. B. Hankin, M.A., who at present resides at Mildmay Cottage, Reading. Commenting on the actions of Pigott during the last few years, this gentleman charitably remarks, "For some years past I have regarded him as out of his mind." This is kindly meant, but inaccurate; few people are saner than the self-styled "Messiah." But Pigott had a soul above drinking tea and visiting the sick poor, even in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Mildmay Park, and his connection with the Rev. D. B. Hankin terminated in 1884. He was anxious for a change; things were getting rather tame. Accompanied by Mrs. Pigott—who was not ambitious in those days—he crossed the Irish Sea, and we next find him acting as curate to the Rev. H. Fiske. This gentleman was (and still is) superintendent of the Irish Church Missions in Dublin, and the future "Messiah" was placed in charge of the Mission Church at Townsend Street of that city. At this period, he met a man who was destined in after days to play a very important part in his life. This was none other than Douglas Hamilton, and the two became fast friends. It was the astute Scotchman who first introduced Pigott to the writings of Brother Prince, whose remains at this time were peacefully resting beneath the dining-room window of the Agapemone, and the two professed to receive the doctrine of sinless perfection as laid down in the writings of the "Forerunner." The promulgation of this doctrine by Pigott led to his severing his connection with the mission-church, and once more he was thrown upon his own resources. But the "Messiah" is a man of many parts. To use a vulgar term, he is not long out of a job, and in a few weeks he blossomed out as a staff-captain in the Salvation Army—red jersey, brazen lungs, and all the stock-in-trade necessary. While engaged in this work, he drifted back to London, and employed his powers of persuasion in extracting copper, from the crowds which listened to his kerbstone oratory.

SISTER EVA TO THE RESCUE.

Then he encountered an incredible stroke of good fortune. One day, while holding forth in the neighbourhood of Clapton, his somewhat scanty audience comprised Miss Eva Paterson. She listened, she was conquered. Henceforth, all was to be smooth sailing over the pecuniary sea for the one-time curate. Assisted by Miss Paterson's money, he proceeded to found a second "Ark of the Covenant," locating it in the neighbourhood of Clapton. Pigott made rapid progress. As far as can be judged, there does not appear to be any evidence that at this period he realised the immense opportunities that he was neglecting at Spaxton. After about three years ministration at Clapton, he came to the conclusion that as business was languishing it was time he made a sensation. He proceeded to do it most effectually. Coming into the pulpit one Sunday morning, somewhere about ten years ago, he calmly announced to his startled congregation: "I am He!" Naturally enough, it caused a division amongst his followers, but the anti-Pigites were

in a minority. The news spread far and wide, and at the evening service there were more people outside the building than in. Having gone so far, Pigott could not well draw back, and, therefore, during the course of his sermon he boldly averred, "I am the Messiah—the Sent of God!"

Pigott No Martyr.

The result of this announcement was rather more startling than the self-acclaimed "Messiah" had anticipated. For days his house was blockaded by an angry mob who, knowing little theology, caring less for Pigott's religion, were angered at his daring and blasphemous pretensions. Did he put his head outside the door, a shower of brickbats whistled round him; every window in his house was smashed. A body of constables escorted him and the faithful to and from the "Ark of the Covenant." Things were getting serious. Pigott had no idea of earning a martyr's crown, for what he was "out for" was plenty of cash. At this moment, for the second time Miss Paterson appeared as a veritable fairy godmother. She poured into his willing ears an entrancing story of the empty Agapemone at Spaxton; an "Abode of Love," situated far from the madding crowd, beyond the reach of brickbats, and far removed from the dwellings of unbelievers and scoffers. It wanted but one thing—the presence of the Master. Surely their years of weary waiting were over, and had not the time arrived when he should enter into his inheritance? With self-sacrificing spirit, Pigott consented to tear himself away from Clapton. The "Ark of the Covenant" was abandoned, and, accompanied by about twenty ladies, a grand trek was made into Somersetshire, and the place of the departed "Forerunner" was filled by the new "Messiah."

THE ELEVATION OF SISTER RUTH.

But Pigott was no slavish imitator of his predecessor. He determined to do nothing by halves. Quite early in life he had learnt the lesson that nothing succeeds like success, and that if a yarn is to be efficacious as a cash-extractor, it must not err on the side of feebleness. He suffered from a series of "revelations," which came on spasmodically. The first and most sinister revelation instructed him to augment his domestic circle by elevating into the position of a "spiritual wife" a young girl who was to obtain notoriety two years later as the mother of "Glory," and now of little "Power." This was Miss Ruth Preece, who since that period has generally been regarded as the "Messiah's" favourite concubine. Another "revelation" was of a less romantic character. It directed him to "relieve" the inmates of all their earthly possessions, the disinterested "Messiah" stating that "he was to be the steward of all filthy lucre." In the "Abode," to hear was to obey, and such was Pigott's hold over the minds of his dupes that during the first month of his residence all save one parted with their embarrassing riches. As stated, one proved rebellious, or the money was found to be too tenacious, and it required no less than three special "revelations" before the cash was secured.

Pigott's Accomplices.

At this period, the inmates of the "Abode" comprised the "Messiah," his first lieutenant and factotum, Douglas Hamilton, who had been with him at Dublin and Clapton; Reed, a gentleman well-known in connection with the V.V. Bread Company, and who had been trained for the law, but abandoned it for mysticism; a gentleman named Morris, originally an architect; and about thirty ladies, including Pigott's legal wife and Miss Ruth Preece. Since this time things have prospered with Pigott. At present, there are over a hundred ladies in residence at the "Abode," and there is no lack of cash. The "Messiah's" villainy may be examined under three heads: his blasphemous pretensions, in that he calls himself the Messiah; his licentious desires, as he openly practises as well as preaches the doctrine of free-love; and his barefaced fleecing of every penny of available cash from those who have placed themselves under his protection.

THE LATEST SCANDAL.

The birth of "Power," the latest illegitimate son of Pigott the Impostor, has aroused widespread interest. But much of the so-called "details" which have appeared in print are mere nonsense and must afford him considerable amusement, for he is a diligent student of the press.

The truth about the latest birth being wanted, JOHN BULL's special investigator called at the "Abode" a few days ago, and asked to see—not Pigott, for that were

to court refusal—"John the Baptist," otherwise Douglas Hamilton, the lean Scotchman, who is a member of the syndicate. He was asked for details, and of course refused, until a few details of his past career at Dublin were unfolded to him, and then he thought it prudent to capitulate. After a little parley and some talk about "unbelievers" not being allowed to "profane" the sacred precincts, he decided to fetch Pigott.

The happy father, looking anything but god-like, then appeared, and nervously asked my business. I told him. Then Pigott, who certainly has a touch of the dramatic about him, raised his hands before him in the best bishop's benediction style, and said: "Glory came to us mysteriously; the coming of Power is as great a mystery, aye, a greater—a greater!" John the Baptist murmured a pious "Amen."

I asked the "Messiah" plainly, how his wife liked it? Swiftly came the answer:—

"My wife is not my wife. We are all one here, and follow the desires of the flesh. We are above human, man-made laws!"

But I wanted further light. I asked him: "Do you mean adultery is no sin?" The "light" soon came.

"Sin! We know no sin here. Sexual intercourse is our highest form of the expression of spiritual love, and we glory in it—do we not, Brother John?" Douglas Hamilton nodded assent.

The account of the registration of "Power," which follows, rests on the statement of Mr. Hook, the local official, to our representative:—

Scarcely was Mr. Hook seated than the latest Agapemone comedy began. With brothers Reed and Hamilton lending moral support, the "Messiah" entered the room, and suavely bade the registrar "Good afternoon." He was accompanied by two interesting females, and it is difficult to say which of them should feel most ashamed of herself. She who stood in the background was the lawful wife of Pigott, now portly and middle-aged, for she has seen many strange scenes since the days when she drank afternoon tea in respectable circles at Mildmay Park, and heard the latest gossip in Dublin. Yet she was able to complacently look on and see the registration of the child of a younger and more favoured rival without evincing any trace of either disgust or jealousy. The other female was honoured by the support of Pigott's arm. She was the proud mother of the latest addition. Ruth Annie Preece, now notorious as Sister Ruth, is a woman of nearly forty, but still retains some of the beauty which captured the licentious eye of Pigott, the expert in female charms.

After Pigott had informed Mr. Hook that the happy event took place on August 20th, the question was asked as to the name to be bestowed upon the boy.

With one of his best dramatic touches, the "Messiah" replied in that rich, musical voice which has ably assisted to win the hearts of many of his ladies: "His name shall be Power."

Not to be behindhand in the business, Sister Ruth murmured, "Yes, that shall be his name," and then in a meditative undertone, "Power and Glory—Power and Glory!" Mrs. Pigott, in the background, said nothing, but probably thought the more. But Pigott felt he was hardly doing justice to the occasion, and that something a little more impressive was called for. Extending his thin hands before him, as if about to pronounce a benediction, he added, "Yes, Power and Glory shall be for ever within these walls," to which Ruth dutifully whispered, "Amen."

The interrogation was then made as to the rank or profession of the father, to which Pigott responded, "Clerk in Holy Orders."

(To be continued.)

We have received a copy of "Who's Who in Mining and Metallurgy," a new publication which claims to meet a want. It is published by the *Mining Journal*, 46, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and contains considerable information as to persons occupying a prominent position in the mining world. It would have been better for an introduction, and the method of make-up leaves something to be desired, but no doubt future editions will remedy these small defects in a useful volume.

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS BOX SCHEME.

See page 317.

THE UNPAIRED.

BY CLAUDE SISLEY.

Last summer a friend of mine asked me to go to a garden-party at his uncle's house. I have only just summoned up courage to write about it.

I know most of my friend's relatives, but I have never met this particular uncle. He lived in a part of Streatham I did not know very well, a big, square house in the Welsford Road, my friend told me.

I walked up to the front door and knocked, and a servant opened the door. I did not want the servant to suspect that this was my first garden-party, so, without being embarrassed, or giving her my card, or telling her that the nephew of her master had invited me, I walked straight in.

There was an elderly man sitting on a seat talking to another elderly man, but there was no sign of a garden-party. I began to feel rather uncomfortable, and wondered if I had come to the wrong house.

One of the elderly men looked at me as if he wondered who I was. I was just going to tell him when I became quite convinced in my own mind that I had made a mistake. This must be the wrong house.

Just then a girl came out of a door, so I said—

"Oh—ah, I say, I'm awfully sorry, I've made a mistake. I thought it was a garden-party—the wrong house—you know. Oh, good evening, I say—"

I was explaining quite nicely, and was looking for one of my gloves on the floor, when a voice said—

"Hullo, old sport; so you've got here all right."

I got up, and saw that it was my friend.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Rather."

"Let me introduce you to my *fiancée*," he said.

It was the girl I had just been explaining my fancied mistake to. I thought some explanation was due to my friend, as I had been speaking to her without being introduced.

"I'm awfully glad to meet you," I said to her, and then I said to my friend: "I say, I'm awfully sorry I was talking to your *fiancée* without being introduced, old chap, but I thought it was one of the servants."

My friend seemed rather put out about something.

"There's my uncle in the garden," he said; "just introduce yourself to him. I'm due for tennis in a second."

Both he and his *fiancée* left me, and I went back to the garden. The two elderly men were still sitting there.

I went up to the most likely one with ease of manner, and said—

"Good evening, Mr. Newland-Kingston" (that is his name, at least it is my friend's uncle's name). "I don't think I have ever met you before, have I? I am Antrobus. I know your nephew awfully well. He invited me here, you know."

The elderly man with whom I was conversing pointed to the other elderly man.

"That's Mr. Newland-Kingston, my boy," he said.

"Good evening, Mr. Newland-Kingston. I don't think I have ever met you before, have I? I am Antrobus. I know your nephew awfully well. He invited me here, you know."

"Oh, did he, my boy? He didn't tell me so. However, I daresay it's all right. I saw you just now, didn't I? You'll find them all at the bottom of the garden."

There were a lot of people at the bottom of the garden, and one of them was a cousin of my friend. His name is Kingston-Newland. He is a second cousin, and that branch of the family reverse their name.

He had hardly begun to speak to me when he said—

"I must get away now. You know everyone, of course?"

"Oh, rather," I said. But this was a lie. I do know the people who live in Streatham, and who know the Newland-Kingstons and the Kingston-Newlands, and I have been introduced to them. But I do not like them, and when I meet them in the street I am always looking the other way. Therefore, although in a way I knew them, they would not speak to me. I knew that I was unpaired.

My friend Newland-Kingston was playing tennis by this time. He was unavailable, so I stood behind some chairs.

I stood there. I stood there, in fact, until I caught the eye of a maiden first cousin of my friend. She is an albino—a Miss Kingston-Newland-Kingston.

Unpaired as I was, I longed for her society. So I said—

"Good evening, Miss Newland-Kingston-Newland."

I knew at once that I had made a mistake, and I felt very miserable.

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"Good evening, Miss Kingston-Newland," and added as an afterthought, "Kingston," and to make quite sure, I said "Newland" again.

"Have you been away yet?" I asked. "I suppose you still go to Margate?"

"Oh, no," she said; "you are confusing us with my cousins. They always go to Margate; we are going on the Continent."

I felt very miserable, and a girl with coarse arms giggled. Miss—Kingston-Newland-Kingston walked away with the coarse-armed girl. I was unpaired once more.

By this time the game of tennis was over, and my friend Newland-Kingston walked across the ground. When he saw me he said—

"Hullo, old sport!" and went indoors to change.

I was once more unpaired.

Everyone now made a move for supper. This took place in a large conservatory. There was unfortunately rather a shortage of chairs, and I stood there, looking more unpaired than ever. I saw Newland-Kingston.

"How are you getting on, old sport?" he said.

"Ripping," I said, and he disappeared.

Various people now came up, and asked me to make myself comfortable and sit down. They were: Newland-Kingston, who has his *fiancée* (as we say in Streatham) with him; Kingston-Newland, who also has his *fiancée* with him; old Mr. Newland-Kingston, the uncle, and young Mr. Newland-Kingston, the brother of my friend. They all suddenly went away to different tables. My friend Newland-Kingston and his second cousin planted their *fiancées* at tables, and rushed away to get sandwiches for them.

I absolutely pinned my faith to my friend Newland-Kingston, and I kept watching to see if he was going to take me to some table and put me away out of sight.

At last my presence there became positively indecent, and old Mr. Newland-Kingston came up and led me to a long garden-seat.

It was quite a long seat, and I was the only one on it. I looked more conspicuous than ever. I took three sandwiches from someone. When my mouth was full, young Newland-Kingston came up and asked me if I would like a plate.

"No, thanks, old chap," I said. "I'm getting on rippingly."

He brought some claret-cup, and I repeated the formula.

Then his elder brother, my friend Newland-Kingston, came by. He had been for more sandwiches for his *fiancée*.

"You're all out in the cold here, old chap," he said.

"Oh, no, old chap," I said; "I'm getting on rippingly."

In spite of my protests he dragged my seat up to where his *fiancée* and the *fiancée* of Kingston-Newland were sitting. There were some other girls sitting at the table, who also looked like *fiancées*.

When I had arrived here, one of the *fiancées*, either Newland-Kingston's or Kingston-Newland's, or else one of the general mass of *fiancées*, said, "Excuse my back."

I did not reply "Granted," which at least would have been safe, but—the devil tempting me—I said—

"I'll try to."

It was hopeless, and all the *fiancées* giggled. I have thought over this, and I know now that I should have said—

"It doesn't require any excuse—it's a very nice back."

Either that or "granted," but of course I chose wrongly.

Then Newland-Kingston came up and said—

"Won't you have some chocolate blanc-mange?"

"No, thanks, old chap," I said, "I'm doing rippingly."

Nevertheless, in my desperation, I followed him to the improvised buffet. He seemed to wonder what I had come for. It ended in my getting some more claret-cup.

I went back and sat hopelessly behind the *fiancées*. Except the remark that was not, but should have been "Granted," I had not said a word to them.

At last the various *fiancées* went outside, and my friend Newland-Kingston took me to have a whisky-and-soda.

"No, thanks, old chap," I said at first; "I've done rippingly," but all the same I took it eagerly. Newland-Kingston soon went away after one of the *fiancées*. I hope it was his own.

I drank the whisky of desolation and philosophised on my position. And it comforted me to think that although I was unpaired, and an outcast to the *fiancées* of Streatham, and drank the whisky of desolation, still I have drunk the beer of fellowship with quaint sinners on the roads at night, and, after all, we must all go unpaired sometimes.



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45, Market Street, Manchester.

HEALTH GAINED BY EXERCISE.

"JOHN BULL" INVESTIGATES THE WORK OF MR. EUGEN SANDOW, THE FAMOUS EXPONENT OF CURATIVE PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Everyone who gives more than cursory attention to his newspaper, must, at one time or another, be struck by the thought that for every ill under the sun there seems to be at least a hundred advertised remedies. Some are internal and some for "external application only." Each is, in the principle of attack on the specific ill, diametrically opposed to the other. Every remedy is supposed to have a potent influence on a more or less modest group of diseases and ailments, and some are boldly claimed to deal summarily with practically every ill that flesh is heir to.

But nowadays the average man reads his paper and its advertisements with a due amount of intelligence. He does not blindly accept as gospel this and that statement, but looks for facts to prove every assertion made.

This year has seen remarkable demonstrations of physical strength and endurance, and it has had the effect of directing our attention to the subject of Physical Culture. By an easy stage we come to Physical Culture in its most important aspect—its curative aspect—and when we arrive at that point we inevitably, and naturally, find ourselves studying the pioneer and greatest living authority on Curative Physical Culture: Eugen Sandow.

What Eugen Sandow is, and what he has done and is doing for the benefit of mankind is a story that has often been told, and is becoming of ever-increasing general interest. Mr. Sandow makes what may seem strong claims for his system of imparting health and fitness by means of specially prescribed scientific exercises. These deserve study, and our readers will be interested in a careful inquiry which JOHN BULL has made into the whole question of Physical Culture as a cure.

Eugen Sandow is personally a splendid testimonial to the physical efficacy of his precepts. He is an enthusiast in his work. He speaks of it with an earnestness and confidence that makes Physical Culture an ideal. Indeed, Sandow is an idealist, but he is a very practical one, as anyone will see who visits his Institute in St. James' Street, Piccadilly, London.

A LUXURIOUS INSTITUTE.

There can be seen a commodious, well-equipped, convenient and eminently comfortable—not to say luxurious—establishment. It is a veritable health resort, where Mr. Sandow is every day consulted by people who suffer from quite a bewildering variety of complaints and ills. The patients are young and old, of all classes. Some are chronic invalids, some would become so but for Mr. Sandow's help. Some are lame, or suffering from a structural defect; others are the victims of internal disease or are constitutionally weak, and are seeking strength and physical development.

Mr. Sandow is justifiably proud of the success he has achieved in his treatment of this great and difficult variety. His system of curative physical culture has been thoroughly tested, and the result is that it is now a firmly established principle, and one that is every day producing beneficial results of the most startling character.

We have it on the authority of *Truth*, that Mr. Sandow cures no less than 94 out of every hundred cases that he takes in hand. In only one case out of every hundred—taking a large number of cases for a stated period, and striking the average—has he failed to effect a marked improvement.

This may reveal Sandow in a new light to many. There are still a great many who associate the name of Sandow with heavy dumbbells, weight-lifting feats, and other marvellous exhibitions of strength. Mr. Sandow has for many years devoted himself mainly to the curing of his fellow men, women, and children of the commonest and most trying ailments of the day.

Mr. Sandow's system of Curative Physical Culture is simple, scientific and sound. In those three words may be summed up the principle of the exercises which he formulates for the benefit of each individual patient. There is no general list of exercises open to the choice of the patient.

Every patient is prescribed for personally. He calls at the Institute, or by letter consults Mr. Sandow, who prepares a

series of exercises for him. Mr. Sandow has devoted years of study to physiology, and he is thus able to see exactly where the seat of the trouble is. All his skill and knowledge of physiological movements are focussed on that point. He gives the patient sound scientific advice and instructions. Although Mr. Sandow prefers to have his patients at the Institute, where they can enjoy the treatment—for it is enjoyable—under the most advantageous conditions, it is, of course, impossible in many cases. He has, therefore made perfect arrangements whereby he can extend the benefits of his system of curative physical culture to invalids or the weak and ailing in every corner of the land.

THE TREATMENT AT HOME.

Those who consult Mr. Sandow are not required to attend the Institute daily, although hundreds avail themselves of the opportunity of taking advantage of the luxurious exercise-halls, bathrooms, etc. The exercises prescribed may be followed at home. The instructions should, of course, be closely observed. They are pleasant, easy, and really enjoyable. They are not tedious, exhausting, and wearisome.

By means of these exercises, Mr. Sandow has given the boon of perfect health to hundreds, nay thousands. They have become constitutionally stronger and healthier, and instead of being weak, puny, invalids, they have become perfectly healthy men and women.

This is not only so in the case of those suffering from actual illnesses, but the effect of the exercises on the obese, or on persons who suffer from some physical defect is equally marked.

Cases of stooping shoulders, weak backs, spinal curvature and so on have over and over again been rectified by a course of the Sandow treatment. Indeed, every day Mr. Sandow is called upon to advise in such cases, and he is almost invariably successful. In doing it, he not only remedies the physical defect, but he makes the patient strong and healthy in every respect.

In fact, from a brief inspection of the luxurious Sandow Institute, and examination of the reports of patients, each one of which bears the patient's own signature, one is convinced that in scientific exercises lie the solution of a great health problem. There are thousands who are every day indulging in athletics of all kinds, taking long walks, cycling long distances, or exerting themselves in an indefinite way with a specific object in view—that of acquiring health, or of retaining it.

Everyone knows that it is in exercise that health lies, but the conception as to the form of that exercise widely varies. Mr. Sandow has exhaustively studied the subject, and he has arrived at the definite conclusion that a general scheme of exercising cannot be recommended. Individuals vary in constitution, temperament, and in many other respects, and a twelve-mile walk which might be a beneficial recreation to one man, would be an exceedingly dangerous strain to others.

MR. SANDOW'S METHODS.

No, what Mr. Sandow says is this: "Let me have a look at you, or write to me fully about yourself. I will carefully examine your condition; see what you're made of. I shall find how much exercise you require, and what particular part of the body needs it. It is no use your exercising the muscles of your leg in order to get chest development. I will give you expert scientific advice, and prescribe movements that will have a definite, scientific effect. Each single motion will have a special purpose. Not an ounce of energy shall be wasted."

There you have Mr. Sandow's principle in a nutshell. Results are the best testimony to the success of that principle.

He has been the means of actually saving the lives of many who have fortunately consulted him in time to avert disaster. A man one morning feels run down. He thinks he is a bit "seedy" and regards it as a temporary inconvenience. He remembers that there must be a cause where there is an effect; and when he begins to feel more than ever "run down," and getting worse, he tries to reason out the cause.

Nine times out of ten he jumps to the conclusion that it is exercise that he wants. "I'll just walk to the office this morning instead of tramming it," he says. He does so, for several mornings, but finds himself rapidly becoming a physical wreck. He is exhausted with the least effort, and instead of being braced up by the exercise he finds himself affected by it in quite a different way.

Unless he pulls up in time, he will find himself in a serious physical condition. He may try several other remedies. Somehow, the obvious, scientific course is rarely the first that strikes a man.

There are scores of such cases as that briefly outlined here that come under Mr. Sandow's notice every week. He finds that they have been actually aggravating the very part that was disordered, and in so doing, were injuriously affecting other parts.

As has been said, Mr. Sandow is every day experiencing such cases. He at once stops such exercises as those they have been undertaking—it would not be strictly correct to say "indulging in," for they had endured the strain under the impression that it was a necessary task—and treats their cases scientifically.

GENTLE YET POWERFUL EXERCISES.

Within a day or two the effect becomes noticeable. There is a growing easiness of movement, an increasing feeling of freedom and comfort, the strained sensation is entirely subdued. The weak part is carefully and scientifically nursed. The supporting muscles strengthened and hardened, and gradually the whole physical structure is brought into a thoroughly sound condition.

Under the influence of gentle, yet powerful exercises, the whole organism, the whole body becomes physically perfect. Once more the patient enjoys life, he feels vigorous, alert, energetic. He can participate in recreations and athletics with a conviction that they are now doing him good, and that he will be all the better for them.

Because, of course, the important point is to get your health before you indulge in recreation and athletics to any considerable extent. It is to the healthy person that such activities are beneficial. It is then, as Mr. Sandow points out, that they do not impose a physical tax that the constitution is unable to bear.

Take the man with the weak heart for instance. He forces himself to endure the strain of a tiring day in the field, or perhaps an exacting hour or two in the gymnasium. He does not feel the effect immediately, but it is only a temporary respite, and it is as deceiving as it is temporary. In a very short time the strain will be felt, and rapidly the stages of exhaustion, weakness, and collapse will be passed until the victim becomes the wreck already referred to.

Now contrast him with the man who has enjoyed a course of the Sandow Exercise treatment. He is strong, muscular, "fit." All his muscles are in perfect order. His blood flows freely and evenly. To him life is a pleasure. He feels the joy of a healthy body, vigorous limbs, sound heart. He has no "liver." Mr. Sandow has weighed him in the balance and supplied all deficiencies in him.

MR. SANDOW AND THE SERVICES.

The public would be astounded if they realised all that Mr. Sandow has done for the Army and Navy. By the way, Mr. Sandow is *persona grata* with the War Office, and has received many testimonials from eminent officers. He has been the means of passing numerous candidates through the "medical," who, but for his assistance, would not have nearly attained the standard of chest development, and so on.

Indeed, his reports record several cases in which young men have failed to pass the "medical," have consulted him, and in a few days in some cases—in a month or two in others—they have again presented themselves before the Army "medical" and have passed easily. One grateful candidate who, under Mr. Sandow's guidance, added four inches chest expansion in a very short time, informed Mr. Sandow that even the unemotional Medical Board was astonished at the expansion, and said "you (Mr. Sandow) were the benefactor of the British race."

It is such instances as these, showing the all-round force of Physical Culture, as perfected by Mr. Sandow, and whether considered as a curative agent or for purposes of general development, that help us to appreciate the important individual value of such a system as a very real force in the vital value of health and physique.

As has already been stated, Mr. Sandow regards his calling in the light of an idealist. His mission, so far as he is concerned, is to do the greatest good to the greatest number. With that object in view, he has provided every possible facility for the proper carrying out of his instructions.

At the Sandow Curative Institute the gentle health-bringing exercises are practised under expert supervision

in circumstances of complete comfort, and even of luxury. Elegantly furnished dressing-rooms, well appointed bath-rooms, cubicles, etc., are at the disposal of the patients, the men being in a wing quite distinct from the ladies' section. It is wonderful how so much luxury can be provided when one considers the reasonableness of the inclusive fees which are charged.

GENTLEMEN'S WING AND LADIES' WING.

In each wing the accommodation is of the most complete description, both as regards convenience, space, and fitting.

Here it is that the patient takes his exercise regularly. Every movement is made under the most careful and clear instructions. In this way it is not long before the patient unmistakably feels the beneficial influence of the course. Whilst this daily scene is being enacted at the Sandow Curative Institute in St. James' Street, there are hundreds carefully going through exercises, personally prescribed by Mr. Sandow, in their own homes all over the country—indeed, all over the world. They occupy very little time, are pleasant and enjoyable, and above all they are beneficial. Whether the patient attends at the Institute or describes his case by post from a remote part, Mr. Sandow is personally reached, and his attention is directed to the individual case. He notes every particular, and prescribes the exercise required to meet the particular case.

Mr. Sandow is one of the hardest-worked men in London. All day he is either being consulted personally, or is dealing with his heavy correspondence. From one consulting room to another he moves. Busy as he is he takes a real interest in every case, and makes the patient feel that he can, and will help him or her. He is nothing if not an optimist. He imparts confidence to the patient, who at once feels intuitively that, however difficult the case is, it is curable.

This, then, is the impression derived from a visit of inspection. But it is not really fair to call it an "impression." It is more; it is a conviction, a conclusion arrived at after one has studied the most decisive proofs. These proofs are not merely on paper. They are living proofs.

When you visit the Sandow Curative Institute, you see healthy-looking, cheerful men of all ages with springy step, full of vigour and life—the embodiments of health. You cannot possibly imagine them to be "patients," a term which one associates with a surgery or hospital. Yet you find that these men only a short time previously came to Mr. Sandow, many of them almost in the throes of despair. It might have been a weakness of the lungs, or weakness of the heart, or some constitutional defect. To them life was a misery, every movement an effort. Their nerves were a constant source of worry and disquiet.

Some might have been pronounced incurable by men of experience. But although Mr. Sandow never accepts a case which he believes he cannot help, he never rejects a case if he is convinced he can do the sufferer good.

PRIVACY AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

What a splendid advertisement Mr. Sandow might have if he published the photos of many of his patients, putting in parallel columns the portraits "before" and "after" treatment. But Mr. Sandow is not a quack. He possessed the confidence of all who consult him, and he regards that confidence as an inviolable trust.

Privacy is an essential in such a matter, and Mr. Sandow makes privacy one of the chief features of his organisation. It was pointed out to our representative that a husband and wife or two brothers might be taking courses at the Sandow Curative Institute without one being even remotely aware of the other's presence.

The Institute has been recently considerably enlarged, and many up-to-date improvements have been introduced in the matter of furnishing and fittings. It is now replete with everything that can possibly be required for comfort, elegance and convenience.

Readers may be interested to know that a full explanation of the Sandow method of curing illness without recourse to medicine or drugs, together with an interesting description of the Institute, and details as to fees, etc., may be obtained by writing to the Eugen Sandow Health Advice Bureau, Sandow Curative Institute, 32a, St. James' Street, Piccadilly, London, S.W. As has been mentioned, the fees are by no means excessive. They are such that the sick and ailing of every class may take advantage of Mr. Sandow's help, and become strong and healthy members of society.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.,
Commander-in-Chief Home Fleet.

DEAR ADMIRAL,—I was unpleasantly surprised the other day to hear that you never kept your fleet at sea for one night during the naval manoeuvres a few weeks ago. The Home Fleet, you know, is a rather important item in my defence arrangements, since it is within five hundred miles of the arsenals of Emperor Bill; and I would advise you, for your sake as much as my own, to make yourself as efficient as possible against the meeting, even if you do have to keep your ships at sea and on the move two or three nights a week. Better have a little inconvenience now than a licking in 1912—don't you think? Your mighty flagship, the *Dreadnought*, is as useless as a London County Council steamer if her men are not accustomed to working her under all sorts of conditions, and it has never been the habit of my seamen to shun hard work.

JOHN BULL.

To H.R.H. the Prince of Bulgaria.

SIR,—You are asking for trouble, and I am afraid you may get it. Your action in seizing the Eastern Roumelian railway, and your aggressive attitude about the Sultan's omission to ask your agent to dinner, are strange conduct for a vassal. I am afraid your head has been turned by the royal reception given you by that wily old diplomatist at Budapest. You would certainly not have dared to give yourself such insufferable airs if you had not been assured of Austrian support. No doubt Austria is as sick as yourself about the regeneration of Turkey. But it is now too late to put the clock back. The Powers will not stand a recrudescence of disturbance, and if you put yourself against the Porte, believe me you will come out second best.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Wilbur Wright, Paris.

DEAR WILLY,—So you have broken another record, and your brother has broken a leg. You have certainly taken the wind out of the sails of the other flighty people. When are you coming to pay me a flying visit? And when are you going to fly the Channel? That would, in my humble opinion, be a far greater achievement than to swim it, and be indeed a feather in your wing. So rise to the occasion, and have a flutter for it. Let me know when you propose to drop in, and I'll have the skylight open. In the meantime, here's to your continued prosperity in that atmosphere to which it has pleased Providence to call you. May you always fall on your feet.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., Home Secretary,
London.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,—Judging from the remarkable magisterial decisions of which I receive information week by week, the chief qualification for appointment as a Justice of the Peace would seem to be a woeful incapacity to see justice without squinting. It would be hard to find in any other department of life in this country so many square pegs in round holes and round pegs in square holes as there are on the Commission of the Peace in this stupendous land.

I have noticed, for instance, the case of one William Edmundson, an Army pensioner, which has received the particular attention of the Aldershot magistrates. One day Bill was found in the camp hawking his wares without a licence, and for this heinous outrage he had to go to gaol. Leaving, he found his wife and family on the verge of starvation. "The hungry belly has no conscience," says the proverb. In the stress of a hard temptation, Bill went forth and stole five penn'orth of potatoes, the property of his Sovereign Lord the King. Further emboldened, he called at a swill tub, and therefrom purloined the husks that the swine did eat. But the British policeman has an eagle eye, at times, and Bill was gathered in. The magistrates of Aldershot have a strong arm, and the fate of Bill was sealed. Pointing out to him that they did not wish him to lose his pension, they gave him the option of paying 21s. for the five penn'orth of Royal potatoes, or going down for one calendar month, and of paying 10s. 6d. for illegally helping himself to the swill, or doing fourteen days.

I have not the faintest notion, sir, where poor Bill is now; but as it is difficult to conceive that a man inspired to steal

the King's murphies, and rob the pigs of the daintiest morsels of their repast, would be a bloated capitalist, I take it that he is doing his 42 days in some national lodging within your jurisdiction. Nor am I aware, if this be so, whether one of the discerning experts of the War Office has struck his calamitous blue through the name of Bill as it appears in the Army Pension List, though I should not be surprised to hear it. It is not for me to surmise what the King, yourself, Mr. Haldane, and the Lord Chancellor think of it all; but perhaps the Court Chamberlain will permit himself to agree with me that to drag His Majesty's name into the public prints in a charge and sentence of this kind, a charge of which he can have had no knowledge, and a sentence of which his big heart could not approve, amounts to a flagrant breach of etiquette. Such magistrates as those who disadorn the bench at Aldershot are obviously unfitted to exercise judicial functions. For their alleged justice I have the supremest contempt. For the moment, however, I am chiefly concerned with the fate of Bill. If he is in your charge, I beg you will release him, and if Mr. Haldane finds his name is now off the pension list, I abjure him to restore it. This in mercy; and mercy done, you might recommend to the magistrates of Aldershot the saying which is written, "For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

JOHN BULL.

To the Editor, "Evening News," London.

BELOVED CONFRERE,—You have the honour to draw my particular attention; pray do me the honour to give me yours. You have been offering prizes to school children for holiday essays. Each letter published entitled the writer to the sum of one shilling and two tickets to a theatre. I am not aware how many essays you have published, but the one which I have noticed marks such a high standard of editorial taste, such delicate editorial acumen, in the selection, that it seems desirable to give it increased publicity in the hope that other school children may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it for their financial profit, social enjoyment, and moral improvement.

The writer is a maid of twelve, to wit, Corra Jones, and you award her one shilling and two theatre tickets for an essay headed, "Ever Milked a Cow?" I shall say no more about this young lady's description of her adventures with the cow than that her "chum" pushed her under the beneficent animal, "upset all the milk," and "made her pinny dirty." From the cow, I take leave to pass on to the cat. "We caught Mrs. Bailey's cat," says this prize product of our educational system, "in a rabbit snare. My! how she squealed. I did laugh to see the old (sic) up to her snout in mud. I screamed when I stuck a piece of wood into her snout. I did enjoy myself."

Now, dear editor of an intellectual, elevating press, I ask you as a friend and brother to discover to me the literary qualities which charmed you most? Did you award the prize for the child's humour, pathos, kindness to dumb animals, or for her precocious brutality and callous insensitiveness to the infliction of suffering on others? Sir, is this little beast your ideal of a school child? Have you no children of your own? If so, would you have given any one of them a shilling and two theatre tickets for writing an essay like that? It seems almost unthinkable. But unthinkable or not, permit me to tell you what would have happened if Corra Jones had been a child of mine. I should have firmly requested her mother to take her into a quiet corner of the house, somewhere near the roof, and lay on the strap, and if her mother had for an instant hesitated, I should myself have performed the ceremony. In that case, I beg you to assure yourself that Corra would not have left the room to write a prize essay for the *Evening News*, entitled "Ever had a holiday with Father?" Cruelty, Sir, and the pride and delight in cruelty, are vile endowments to be thrashed out of children in the nursery. To award prizes for them is a discredit to your calling as a journalist and an editor.

JOHN BULL.

Sven Hedin.

Congratulations on your plucky exploration, but isn't it time Thibet had a constitution?

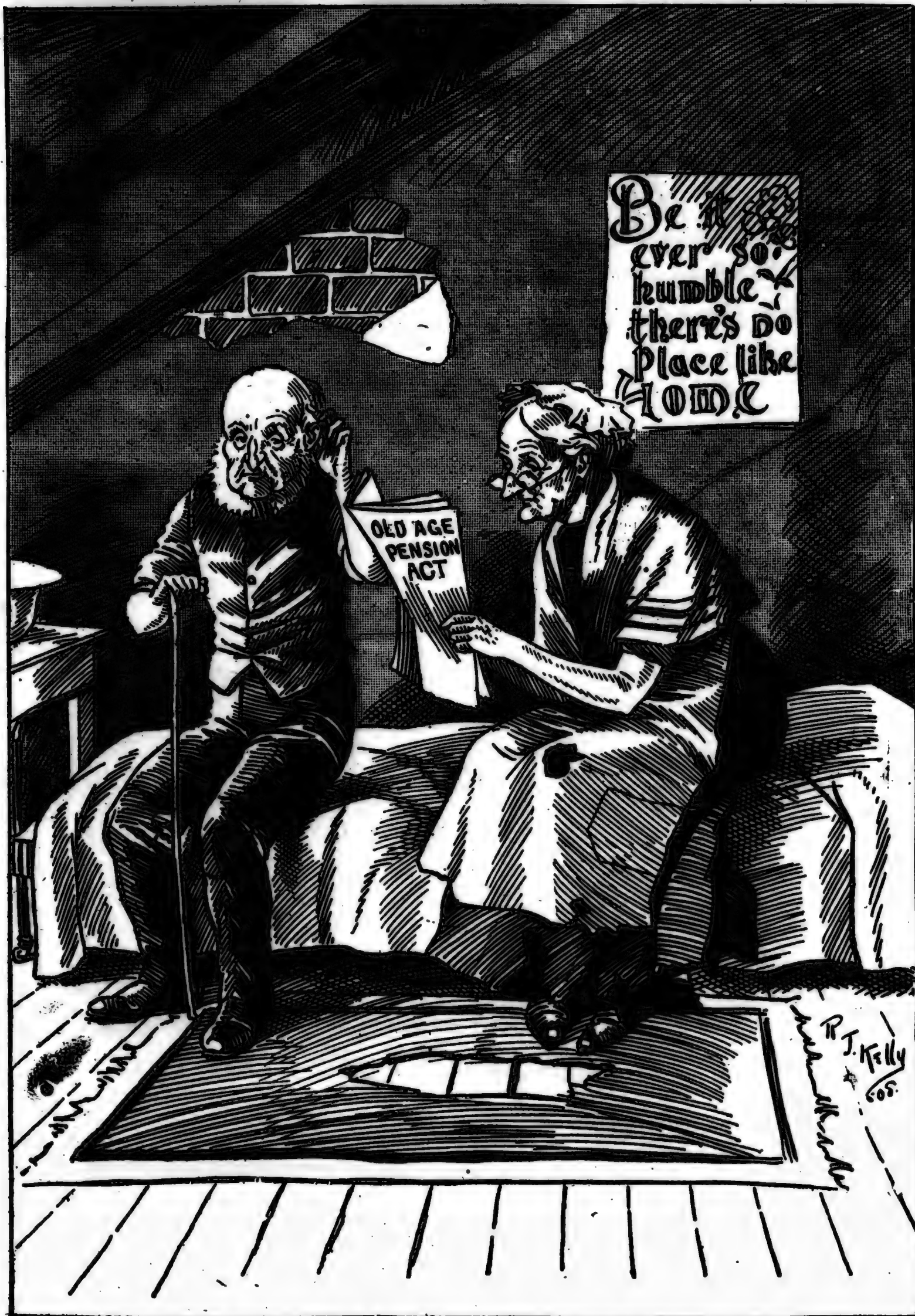
BULL.

Cardinal Vannutelli, Rome.

Sorry to see you leg it, for yours is an interesting personality. Very good of you to say such pretty things about me when you went away.

BULL.

TOO YOUNG AT SIXTY-FIVE!



DARBY: "Read it again, Joan, read it again. It don't seem to help us much!"

IN THE CITY.

"JOHN BULL, LTD."

-PROSPECTUS NEXT WEEK.

The prospectus of JOHN BULL, LTD., will be issued on Thursday next, and will appear in full in our issue published on that day. The extraordinary progress of this journal renders it necessary for us to considerably extend our organisation, and we gladly avail ourselves of the occasion to afford the Trade and our readers the opportunity of sharing with us in the prosperity of our enterprise.

THE WHITE CITY.

A BAD OUTLOOK FOR THE GUARANTORS.

In a speech the other day, Mr. Imre Kiralfy stated that the Exhibition, so far as the exhibitors were concerned, had been a commercial success. He did not go so far as to say that the Exhibition had been a financial success in other ways, but he pointed out that neither he nor his supporters expected, or had ever expected, to receive a penny out of the venture. This may be news for the two thousand odd guarantors, many of whom have been looking forward to participating in a fat surplus, based on the glowing reports which have from time to time appeared in the press.

However, taking Mr. Kiralfy's word for it that no surplus was anticipated, the question really is, how much, if any, will the guarantors be called upon to pay.

It is not generally known that the Exhibition opened its doors with a liability of over £500,000 to meet, made up as follows:—

Banks advances against guarantees, including interest	£250,000
Overdraft at bank	40,000
Balance outstanding on buildings	175,000
Sundry creditors	35,000
	£500,000

The working expenses connected with the show are, at least, £10,000 per week, and it will therefore be seen that before the guarantors can be released the Exhibition must clear from all sources, say £750,000.

It may come as a surprise to many that the average attendance to date is only between 50,000 and 60,000, and, making allowance for season tickets, passes, and special reduced rates for parties, it would be generous to say that 50,000 shillings pass through the turnstiles per day. This would mean a total gate of, say, £350,000.

In dealing with the other sources of income, i.e., refreshments, Stadium, and side shows, one has to remember that large deposits paid on signing agreements have to be liquidated before the Exhibition can participate, these deposits having already been spent before the Exhibition opened. Roughly speaking, the Exhibition takes two-thirds of all gross receipts, although in the case of J. Lyons and Co. and Paillards the amount receivable is only 25 per cent. In some cases the right of the Exhibition to participate was bought outright by the concessionaires some time before the opening; for instance, the Irish Village, by a payment of £5,000 in addition to their deposits, were freed from further liability. Lyons, too, have, in addition to their deposits, advanced large sums on account of percentages, and our opinion is that apart from the gate the receipts will not exceed £250,000. Add to this the £350,000 mentioned above, and we have a grand total of £600,000, leaving a balance of £150,000 to be met by the guarantors.

In other words, if the guarantors get out with 10s. in the £ they will be lucky.

We have it from Mr. Kiralfy that apart from his official salary (£1,000 per annum), he stands to make nothing: to use his own words, he "could not receive the smallest sum." Will Mr. Kiralfy tell us who will benefit by the agreement entered into before Easter whereby the Shepherd's Bush Improvements Association will take over the Exhibition, lock, stock, and barrel, for the modest sum of £50,000. By this agreement, the Association paid down £10,000 as a forfeitable deposit, and have since paid a further £15,000. The readers of the *Evening News* and other papers are endeavouring to decide as to the desirability of making the White City a standing show, but they may take it from us that, as far back as last April, Mr. Imre Kiralfy had arranged this matter to the satisfaction of

the Shepherd's Bush Improvements Association, and that the White City will be with us for many years to come.

THE ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

We have received complaints from persons who are members of the One and All Sickness and Accident Assurance Association. These complaints for the most part come under two heads:—

- (1) That letters making claims for sickness are not acknowledged and
- (2) That claims are not admitted although indisputably valid.

Our readers will remember that some time ago many correspondents questioned the ability of the Association to give all the benefits it promised, and we then asked the Managers of the Association to satisfy us that these criticisms were unfounded. They replied that they had put the whole position before a very eminent actuary, and that upon the receipt of his report, whatever it might be, they would submit it to us. We accordingly waited and deferred giving any opinion until that report was received. In due course, it was submitted to us, and was to the effect that in the opinion of the actuary the management was honest, the Association respectably conducted, and the ability to meet claims apparent. Upon this report we did not hesitate to reassure our readers.

With regard to the many complaints referred to above since received, we have thought it right to put the matter before the Managers of the Association for any observations they might be disposed to make. They have met us very fairly and frankly, and admit that there is ground for many of these complaints. Of course, some of them are frivolous or unfounded, but it is admitted that many of them are substantial. The Managers explain this unsatisfactory state of things by saying that "when the Association commenced business the organization adopted was of insufficient elasticity to cope with the enormous volume of work which has poured in from all quarters. Hence the natural overlapping of departments and delay in attending to current business." The Managers go on to say that "no one regrets the state of affairs more than the Managing Committee, who are fully alive to the damaging effect this must have on the business, and, since the facts came to their knowledge, steps have been taken for a drastic reorganization; but, however good a system there may be, there must be allowed a little time for a new staff to become accustomed to collating the claims and kindred matters connected therewith." Under the circumstances, the directors appeal to the generosity of the members of the Association "for a week or so's grace in order that all arrears may be attended to before attending to new business."

This seems a very fair position to take up, and we are sure that the members who have had legitimate cause for complaint will exercise the patience asked of them, having regard to the efforts of the management to remove the causes of complaint.

THE LIBERIAN RUBBER COMPANY.

We have received the following letter from Colonel Mayhew, with which we are in entire agreement. We remember few things more discreditable to men who have held high official position than the prospectus of this company, which came out under the auspices of Sir Harry Johnston and another distinguished official. We could not understand at the time, and we are equally unable to understand now, how a man in Sir Harry Johnston's position could have allowed a prospectus to go out to the investing public with all the weight of his authority behind it which contained such serious mis-statements of fact. Colonel Mayhew writes:—

This company has been from first to last a misrepresentation. It is absurd and unreasonable to think for a moment that anyone with reason will believe that the date at which this meeting is being held is due "to the distance the accounts have to come," as set forth in the circular to the complacent and docile shareholders of the usual type. It is equally impossible for one to believe that Sir H. Johnston, when he issued the prospectus, did not know and was ignorant of the inter-tribal quarrel. It would be a gross slur and insult on that gentleman's ability, common-sense, and intelligence to even think that he did not know all about what had, what was, and what might or would happen in Liberia. He has been the guide and friend of the President, and has written a book on Liberia. It is stated in the prospectus that the source and supply of

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

SEPARATION ORDERS.

Referring to our references to this matter in previous numbers, we have had a visit from a man who tells us a sad tale—a tale we have verified—of how, under the existing law, a citizen may be hurried almost to death, if he is cursed with a brute of a wife. Our visitor is a tradesman, who for many years carried on a respectable and lucrative business. He was married, and in course of time his wife died, and in a moment of folly he married again. His second wife is about as worthless a woman as it would be possible to conceive. Lazy, extravagant, of uncontrollable temper, utterly unprincipled, she pawned all his goods for drink, threatened his life, and behaved in a way that made it impossible for him to continue to live with her. He applied for a separation order, which was granted, and he agreed to pay an allowance of 24s. a week. This was reduced in course of time, as his circumstances grew narrower, to 10s., at which it stands. The woman would not leave him alone. In every conceivable way she harassed him, injured his credit, and finally ruined his business, and to-day he would be in the workhouse but that a son helps him to keep out of it. With the decline and disappearance of his business it became impossible for him to pay the 10s. a week regularly. The woman applied for his committal and got it. He would have paid if he had the money, but not having it, and not being willing to steal it, he could not pay. This he told the magistrate. The magistrate would not listen, he would not inquire as to whether the statement was true or false. The spectacle of an honest tradesman brought to ruin in his old age by a virago of a wife did not interest him. He had ordered the man to pay 10s. a week, and the 10s. a week had not been paid, and, so, jail. Five times this poor man has been sent to jail during the last twelve months, and now he is expecting to be sent a sixth time, since the arrears are accumulating and he has no means of meeting them. He asked us what he can do? If he is to spend the remainder of his life in jail? He despairs of the magistrate before whom he is taken helping him by refusing to commit. What is he to do? We must move in the matter when Parliament re-assembles.

SAVINGS BANK DEPOSIT.

A correspondent wants to know why the Post Office forbid a person opening an account in two savings banks. He says he has been shown a printed form to that effect which intimates that any sum deposited in a second bank is liable to forfeiture.

This is in accordance with the Savings Bank Act, which provides that no person may have more than one savings bank account at a time except where a person acts as trustee for others or as a member of a friendly society. The reason for this is that the Government Savings Bank withholds the State more than it earns—indeed, every deposit or withdrawal costs the State 6d., and there is a limit to the amount that a person may deposit so as to confine the use of the bank to persons who cannot make use of an ordinary bank. If a person has more than one savings bank account his deposits become forfeited. If a depositor in a Trustee Savings Bank wishes to place his money in a Post Office Savings Bank, he should apply to the Trustees of the Savings Bank for a certificate of Transfer (in the form prescribed by the 10th Section of the Act 24 Victoria, cap. 14), and should pay the certificate into any Post Office Savings Bank as if it were a cheque. By adopting this course, the Depositor will avoid trouble and the risk of carrying cash from one Bank to the other.

On opening a Post Office Savings Bank account a person must sign a declaration that he is not "directly or indirectly entitled to any deposit in or benefit from the funds of the Post Office Savings Bank or any other savings bank in Great Britain or Ireland."

LEGAL ANSWERS.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.

We shall be pleased to answer any questions relating to claims for Old Age Pensions, and to advise readers how to overcome any difficulties which may be placed in the way of making or maintaining their claims.

CLAIM FOR STORAGE, ETC.—J. E. SMITH (Leeds).—We doubt if the dealers are responsible for keeping the furniture in order, and we do not think that you can make any claim on them. You cannot enforce your claim for storage.

COMPENSATION FOR INJURIES.—L. L. (Camberwell).—It is impossible for us to advise you in the matter. We do not know the extent of your sister's injuries, and everything hangs upon that. Your solicitor has explained the law to you very clearly, namely, that your sister has a claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and no other kind of claim whatever, and that her claim under this Act is limited to half wages during such time as she is incapable of working. That is the whole claim. She gets nothing specifically in respect of her injuries. She gets nothing for her doctor's bill, but only those half wages to cover everything. Her late master offers her, through her solicitor, £7 10s., and the payment of her solicitor's costs. It is for her to decide whether she will take that sum, or go to a jury, and whether she should go to a jury must largely depend, as we said above, upon the nature of her injuries, and the strength of the case she can put before the Court. Having nothing to guide us as to that except the bare statement of your letter that your sister, "while endeavouring to extinguish the flames of an overturned lamp, caused, accidentally, by a fellow servant, was seriously burned in various parts of her body," we can say no more. If the evidence proved to the satisfaction of a jury that your sister "was seriously burned," she would probably get more than £7 10s., but you know whether that can be substantiated, and we do not. We return your papers.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

PERILS OF THE ROAD.

Since the mysterious Sevenoaks murder, more than one high-class ladies' paper has seen fit to utter warnings against women venturing alone beyond the reach of help. "It is nothing less than insanity to allow girls to take lonely country walks, sometimes as far as a mile away from any house," asserts one. "Even in private grounds ladies should not be too foolishly venturesome," says another. When men read this sort of thing how they must thank their lucky stars that they were not born women! But, really, are we to look upon England as a country confessedly haunted by savages? If so, women ought to carry daggers or revolvers in their girdles, and be prepared to use them. But we set up to be civilised, and pay large sums for a police force to keep the roads safe for solitary pedestrians of either sex. As a matter of fact, the police often seem strangely indifferent about the matter. I knew a lady and her daughter who were attacked by a man in a lonely country road in Surrey at night. They thought they recognised their assailant, yet the local police would not even trouble to find out where the suspected man had been at that hour. But, despite all dangers, women must not allow themselves to be cowardly. If girls are to be debarred from a country ramble, life will not be worth living. Many a woman's daily work obliges her to take a solitary walk from one village to the next, and why should one be more likely to get one's throat cut when walking for pleasure? As well advise young men, for fear of possible accidents, to give up football and gymnastics! Nevertheless, it would be a good investment, both of time and money, to let a country girl learn Ju-Jitsu, or even the rudiments of ordinary boxing. Such a knowledge would give confidence, and do away with that feeling of nervousness with which even a courageous woman views the approach of a dreadful-looking tramp in a lonely spot. A well-known cycling paper recommends ladies to carry a supply of cayenne pepper to throw into the eyes of an assailant, while a hat-pin forms a really serious weapon in times of dire need.

TIPS FOR THE TOILETTE.

A great authority on the subject of dentifrices has found, after many years of trial, that there is nothing more efficacious to destroy microbes and preserve the teeth than a solution of common salt. By the way, the same simple remedy has been recommended by a famous throat specialist as a gargle for incipient sore-throat, or for fatigue after too much talking. For the tooth-wash, the solution of the salt should be comparatively weak, for the gargle as much of the contents of the salt-cellar as the water will melt.

Another excellent—though somewhat unpleasant—dentifrice, is common soot from up the chimney.

Massaging the face very gently, and always in an upward direction, is excellent for persuading Nature to allow us to retain a youthful appearance. A little cold cream should always be used. Nothing is more helpful to the complexion than the frequent use of a small quantity of high-class cream—grease—usually spoken of as "cold cream," of some description. Actresses usually have magnificent complexions in private life; this fact they themselves attribute to the necessity of rubbing grease into the skin before putting on the professional "make-up" at night. However, grease rubbed into the face has one danger. It is very apt to promote the growth of superfluous hair, so anyone who is at all subject to this distressing affliction should be particularly careful to avoid any "cream" containing fat.

The sea air is often very trying to the hair, and sea-water sometimes has disastrous effects. If the locks get much wetted in sea-bathing they should be carefully washed in fresh warm water to which a smallish quantity of ammonia has been added. This removes the dry salt with which each individual hair may become invisibly coated. If the hair gets dried and harsh, pure olive oil—in small quantities—may be well rubbed into the scalp.

THE CHARM OF THE TEA-GOWN.

As a contrast to the severity of moor-dresses, the tea-gown reigns supreme. It's enough to make any man fall in love with a woman to see her firstly in a breezy outdoor costume of severe make, and that same evening clad in a trailing, fluffy, dainty-hued teagown. Soft and fragile materials are quite permissible even in winter, yet some of the most triumphant gowns imaginable have been constructed of velvet. The long lines, often falling from bust or shoulders, show up the gleams and deep shadows of this regal material in a way that a less picturesque style of costume cannot aspire to. A "dramatic" looking gown of ruby velvet, held in under the bust by a silver girdle studded with jewels, the yoke formed of coarse guipure embroidered in silver tissue, is at present being made for a brunette peeress of stately build. Truly beautiful will be the effect when the lady is arrayed therein.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See Page 317.

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ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

KING COTTON: DESPOT.**WHY LANCASHIRE SUFFERS FROM STRIKE FEVER.**

BY JAMES SHERLIKER.

"Cotton operatives need a firm hand on them," a critic observed to me. "They are everlastingly on the grumble. Why is it? It is monstrous to have these strike-shadows continually hanging over us."

So it is. But who wants them? Certainly not the average operative; and as for the fanatic, well, his numbers are too small to matter much. The real reason why we hear so much of trade trouble in the factories is that 90 per cent. of the cotton kings spend most of their time cracking the whip of despotism. And the remaining 10 per cent. will be the first to echo this charge.

The grievances are legion. There is the vexed system of bating, which means fining workers for faults which are not theirs at all. There is the "driving" evil, still as rife as ever it was, despite much talk by Labour M.P.'s. and the alleged vigilance of the factory inspectors. There is the steaming in weaving sheds, a practice that is as popular with employers now as it has always been, notwithstanding that it has been given miles and miles of printed condemnation. The steaming of weaving sheds has a certain effect upon the cloth which, I am told, makes it more valuable, but incidentally, it plays havoc with the constitutions of the operatives.

Speaking from a close personal experience of cotton-factory life, and a varied knowledge of many other British industries, I am compelled to say that the position of the Lancashire mill-hand is the most unenviable one I can think of. He is a speaking relic of the feudal times in that he is forced by fear to look upon the factory master as his baron and lawful owner, and to regard the opportunity to work as the greatest privilege ever extended to man by the beneficent gods.

Watch the faces of the mill-hands when the master enters the room. Hear the cry "He's here!" passed along. And see how they bend to their tasks. The whole thing is disgusting in a country that is supposed to be free. So ingrained is this fear of the "boss," that several masters I know, who are considerate and hate the serfdom, find it really difficult to make their men realise that they have no desire to be taken for slave-drivers. But such masters are the exception. The rule is shown in the cases of suicides of young girls who have become terrified by the language addressed to them, and in more things than I care to write down. It is in Lancashire that employers, imagining that to find men and women work is to buy them body and soul, threaten them with dismissal if they do not attend a particular place of worship on Sundays, and choose to reside in cottages owned by the firm.

If only we could get at the shut-up, mildewed book of Cotton's revelations we should be astonished, not at the operative's reputation for grumbling, but at his easy-going submission. We should stand aghast at the dangers which it is necessary for mill-hands to run in order that you and I may have raiment, and their employers good returns for investments, and themselves the means whereby to live. We should read that in spinning-rooms, where the heat is maintained at a terrific pressure in order to improve the yarn, it is something in the nature of a crime to open a window. We should learn that His Majesty's Inspectors of Factories are about as much use in the cotton county as a horse with a broken leg is in a team. As soon as an inspector makes his appearance in a Lancashire town the news is passed round by telephone to the different mills, and he rarely finds anything wrong. But no sooner is he gone than the running of overtime, and the other evils which an inspector looks for, are again being practised. The weaver who, owing to defective looms is unable to turn out the quantity of cloth expected, is bullied just the same, and fined. The "sack" is dangled before the eyes of the spinner who mildly retorts that he cannot spin expensive yarn out of cheap shoddy cloth. If a worn-out coupling takes to becoming red-hot, and some of the extra grease which is applied drops on the cloth in the loom underneath, the "hand" will no doubt be given the option of paying for the whole length, or leaving the mill.

No, cotton operatives stand in no need of a firm hand. The hand is too firm already. Let Cotton try relaxing its hold a little.

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Climax," by J. Cranstoun Nevill (Long: 6s.), is dedicated to the author's mother, but does not deal with topics usually discussed in the home. Though he carefully abstains from dotting his i's, he contrives to create an unsavoury atmosphere in which caricatures of Lord Rosebery, George Alexander, and other notorious persons figure prominently. A number of strenuous epigrams pall after a time, but are occasionally amusing. An infusion of sickly sentimentality does not improve matters, and the female characters are less convincing than the flippant young men. On the whole, however, I should not be surprised if Mr. Nevill contrived to write a really clever book some day. At present he is somewhat jejune.

"The Methods of Mr. Ames" (Laurie: 6s.) is difficult to lay down. It is perhaps not quite so strong as the author's previous book, "The Adventures of John Johns," which photographed a wretch who thrived by bullying women. But Mr. Ames also stands out very clearly. He is not a sympathetic creature, and we come to share the views of all the ladies whose advances he persistently rebuffs. But his character is consistent, and he might almost have been taken from a living model. The various women, however, are too much alike, and I found myself constantly obliged to turn back in order to find out which was which. I should imagine that the author has moved in limited circles. He makes some strange slips. A member of Parliament, for instance, does not print M.P. on his card. A yacht is not a hen, and therefore cannot "lay." Parliamentary elections are not decided by half-past five. A lady does not say "my father was killed in hunting." Wedding invitations are not sent out on cards. I cannot congratulate the author upon his good taste, but I can promise him that I shall always read whatever he writes.

"The Cottage on the Fells." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Laurie: 6s.) Here we have the usual detectives of fiction and some rather unusual murders, but the interest flags before we are half way through the book, chiefly perhaps because we are able to foresee exactly what is going to happen.

"The Future Prime Minister" (Grant Richards: 2s. 6d.), is evidently a first attempt by a very young writer. It is about a young man who inherits a mill and finds that it is being ruined by foreign competition. He attends a public meeting and electrifies everybody by declaring in favour of Protection. Towards the end of the book people are talking about him as a possible Prime Minister, and, finally, we have the following drunken rhapsody:

Courage! courage! thou mighty and wondrous spirit; from whence comest thou, and what strange mystic elements surround thee? Awaken! awaken! thou silent voice, and whisper the answer that myriads of beings await to hear. . . Say, oh, say that Faith, the guardian angel of every spirit, its kindred sire, its only mate, its only friend, alone seeks thee not in vain.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS, PINNER.

WILL THE COMMITTEE EXPLAIN?

Complaints reach us from relatives of children in these schools. It is alleged that a system of tyranny prevails, and that it is almost as difficult for anyone to get access to the inmates as it is to gain admission to a convent. It is further alleged that, however cold the weather may be, the children are not permitted to wear overcoats, and that when a mother of one of them recently complained of this she was asked whether she had not better have her boy wrapped in blankets. The rules as to letter-writing are also said to be unduly strict; and now, on the top of all, comes a regulation that the bags and boxes which the youngsters have hitherto been allowed to have, to keep their little treasures in, are to be sent home. Nor are cakes, fruits, sweets, or other things of the kind permitted to be sent by relatives and friends.

Altogether, it is contended that the place is more like a reformatory than anything else; and we shall be glad to hear what the Committee may have to say.

CAN any of our readers give us information re Mary Millicent Diprose, trading as the Xavier Hair Restorer Co., of 48, Kensington Gardens Square, W.?

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AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"THE DIVINE MAHATMA."

Last week, as stated in this column, I received from Mr. Lion Margrave a printed copy of a strange play called "The Divine Mahatma," which, it was stated, would be produced on Saturday evening at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater. After all, it was not actually staged, as I had assumed would be the case, despite the excited protests of the *Daily Chronicle*. I did not know that the police in this country could be as despotic as they are in Russia; I assumed that any dramatist is allowed to stage privately in London any play he may care to write and that he can get actors to act. I believe that is the law; and I am anxious to know exactly how it is that Mr. Margrave has been deprived of his right. True, his play is, as I suggested, a repulsive play; but it is no more repulsive than Wilde's "Salomé," which I saw in the same hall where Mr. Margrave said "The Divine Mahatma" was to be done: Wilde's "Salomé" was redeemed, to some extent, possibly, by the fact that it is a work of art of a kind, whilst "The Divine Mahatma" is not. True, also, Mr. Margrave's request that the Press should not comment on the play before production, so as to avoid all risk of prohibition, was, as they say down east, "askin' for it." Nevertheless, I do not quite understand on what legal grounds the prohibition was carried out, unless, perchance, the licensee of the hall invoked the aid of the police at the last moment to relieve him of a responsibility that he did not care to shoulder. This may have been so, for Mr. A. S. George, the licensee in question, writes me indignantly that "there was neither rehearsal or performance."

WANTED—MORE LIGHT!

This seems to me a matter that calls for further elucidation. Of course, Mr. George has the right to claim police protection is anyone proposes to do on his premises something which he has not agreed that they shall do. But surely Mr. Margrave had the authorisation of someone connected with the Bijou Theatre before he issued his invitations to the Press? Surely the will shriek in the *Daily Chronicle* was not Mr. George's first intimation of the nature of Mr. Margrave's play? If that was so, Mr. George in future doubtless will examine carefully the text of any play announced for production at his theatre, and the terms of the author's communications to the newspapers thereon. Meanwhile, although I do not think the world has lost very much by the non-production of "The Divine Mahatma," I trust the suppression of this play does not mean that we are to have added to the Censorship of Mr. Redford and the Lord Chamberlain in the case of licensed plays for public performance, the censorship of the police in the case of unlicensed plays for private performance. The liberty of the drama is already circumscribed sufficiently in England; and if Mr. Margrave believes that he has been treated badly for the sole reason that his play was an unorthodox (even a blasphemous) treatment of a Scriptural story, I shall be pleased to hear his version of the affair.

THE LICENSING OF AGENTS.

Two recent cases in the Courts may possibly give pause to those of my readers, musical, variety, and theatrical, who having, more or less, real grievances against theatrical or musical or music-hall agents, imagine that they have a grievance also against me, because I refuse to attack such agents, save on the basis of sworn testimony, which I have sifted thoroughly. The defendant in one case had been the subject of many letters of complaint to the editor, but none of his alleged victims was willing to make oath and say what many of them had said no doubt casually in bars and other places where they talk. At length one of the pretended victims—not one of those who had written to us—took the alleged rascal into court; and the alleged rascal got off. In the other case, following a complaint received at this office, I went along and interviewed the wicked man. He proved such a genial rogue that I could not find it in my heart to be hard upon him. He confessed frankly that, "like lots of other people," he lived upon the vanity and idiocy of the stage-struck, contending that he had just as much right to charge his clients who thought they were born actors and actresses a couple of guineas a head for elementary "instruction," and finding them a job, as the best-known West-End managers had to receive payment for allowing a brainless young ass with money to walk absurdly through a play.

DEAR AT THE PRICE.

I told my readers candidly that I did not think they would be wise to pay £2 2s. apiece for any service this engaging *entrepreneur* might be able to perform, but I refused point-blank to wax exceeding wroth with him. Probably had I flayed him alive and afterwards hanged, drawn, and quartered him, he would have gone on smiling: it was his smile, I suspect, that brought the dollars in, particularly when the prospective client was a lady. Somewhat tardily the police arrested this agreeable rattle the other day, upon the ground that he had been carrying on an unlicensed agency, and that he had decamped. He was discharged, for he was able to prove that he was actually organising a company, and therefore was a principal and not an agent at all. The Aldermanic decision, I am sure, was both good law and tolerable equity; but it suggests the necessity of an alteration, if not of the law then of its administration.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

Buchanan's Popular 'Scotch'



Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

BANKING

COMING DEVELOPMENTS IN ENGLISH BANKING

The history of English Banking affords one of the most interesting studies of modern times.

Great credit is due to those men who have successfully established and built up on a solid foundation these great money emporiums.

Those in control of our London Banks recognise that no enterprise or industry can remain stationary—it must either progress or decay.

New sections of Banking have to be created, and the increasing requirements of customers specially and carefully catered for.

One of the most recent departures is the introduction of Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques, which are destined to eventually take the place of travellers' letters of credit.

The Mercantile Bank of London, established sixteen years ago, has introduced these cheques in a particularly attractive form, inasmuch as they can be made out for any amount from 6d. upwards, and are of equal convenience to a Postal Order.

The Prospectus just issued by this Bank is worth attention and study, dealing as it does very fully and minutely with the increased benefits and advantages that can now be secured by Country customers with London Banks. The question of Current Accounts for small Traders is dealt with, also the vexed point of interests on deposits. The issue of Guaranteed Bankers' Cheques is fully discussed and explained, and a chapter devoted to Banking Profits and the Public is well worth the careful perusal of those who have banking accounts or contemplate opening a banking account in London.

A copy of this Prospectus will be forwarded post free on mentioning JOHN BULL to THE SECRETARY,

**THE
MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON LTD.,**

King's House, King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Established 16 years.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND COMFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the cotton operatives will soon spin another yarn.
That the Dentistry Exhibition was a big "draw."
That the Limited Partnerships Act is a capital one.
That the railway combine will prove "a fare beano" for the public.
That the Government will get the Roman Catholic vote in future.
That some well-known City men took part in the recent kite-flying exhibition.
That the meat agitation is a beastly bether.
That the proposed Court of Arbitration will make a lot of difference.

The woman who tells a man she "can read him like a book," frequently misconstrues him. This is because she reads him upside down.

A correspondent in the *Mail* complains that he cannot wear a cotton suit in summer because of Dame Fashion. Why spell it with the "c"?

A novelty, no doubt, to see
The Prince of Wales as stoker:
But he's no stranger to the spade—
He takes a hand at poker.

A writer complains that at the seaside there are too many bare feet. But what about the bare-faced creatures?

During the holidays, many trippers at Southend only had a newspaper for a bed. They doubtless slept on many a rag.

A white tiger has been captured in India. We hope it will not prove a white elephant.

Count Zeppelin's sausage-shaped airship fell near the Rhine, and was devoured smoked.

"Paris in Darkness." We expect there were some bright sparks about.

It cost £365—£1 per day—to clothe the Blackpool police force last year. A uniform price.

In England and Wales, 9,235 people were sent to gaol for debt during last year. Not much to their credit.

"How to Travel with Money," reads a *Mirror* heading. We want to travel without.

Mr. Philip Snowden says the fight of the future will be between Tariff Reform and Socialism. A choice of evils.

The Colchester hawk who was fined for crying watercress on a Sunday considers it a howling shame.

"Men are growing effeminate," says a Venetian journal. No matter; women are getting manlier.

"Elderly men dress younger than of yore," according to *Men's Wear*. They prefer youthful habits.

For 2s. 6d. down we are offered "All that is best in 60 years' issues of *Punch*." Not much.

"Spanish Gold," a new book is called. We trust the story rings true.

A man was fined five shillings for throwing some Worcester sauce over a cabman. He evidently didn't relish it. As a rule it's the cabby who gives the sauce.

Regarding the cotton crisis, there is real trouble ahead.

In a race at Felixstowe, a District Messenger boy is stated to have run nearly five miles in twenty-seven minutes. This must surely be a record, or a—mistake.

The thief who broke into Pentonville Prison and stole the billiard trophy, gave the officials a neat miss in bank.

The ages of parties in two recent weddings at Whithorn were eighty-seven and eighty-four, and seventy-eight and eighty. Old-age penchants.

A burglar, on being caught, tried to throw pepper into a bobby's eyes. Perhaps he had no "dust."

So severe is the drought in the province of Apulia, Italy, that water is twice the price of wine. Jim Crow is looking out the shortest route.

A writer complains of the lack of good titles for dramas. We have received the following suggestions:—

R. Slevier. "The Miller and The Sweep: or Who was the black male?"

J. Lyons. "Drink: or a happy tea-total."

Lord Northcliffe. "Sunlight and Shadow: or The Lever and The Lifebuoy."

John Burns. "It's a long lane that has no turning: or where does the mile end?"

Lord Roberts. "The fortune of War."

Miss Maud Allan. "Unmasked: or the truth laid bare."

Miss Corelli. "The wreck of the penny-a-liner: or How a nib fought the Great Ink Pot."

Lord Cromer. "The joys of poverty: or the curse of a Government income."

Lord Charles Beresford. "Words, idle words: or the signal that was up the stick."

Mr. Plowden. "The strong waters of life: or wrecks in the dock."

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

how to save money. Is your purpose just now that of saving money? Then start at home. Begin your economy with the floor coverings, for in that direction lies a great opportunity to save money by saving expense. You know how soon carpet and oilcloth wear out or look shabby, thus necessitating new material, you know how costly it is to keep oilcloth or carpets clean. Perhaps you think that state of things cannot be helped? It can, simply by covering the floors with Catesby's Cork Lino, for its lasts longer than any other floor covering made and can be cleaned without scrubbing.

Deak 20,
Catesby & Sons, 64-67, Tottenham Ct.-Rd., W.

THE RELIANCE Fire & Accident Insurance CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Capital £50,000. Premium Income over £20,000.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

Fire, Burglary,
Plate Glass,
Accident,
Sickness,
Drivers'
Accidents
Depart-
ments.



ORDINARY BRANCH.

Fire, Burglary,
Plate Glass,
Accident,
Sickness,
Drivers'
Accidents
Depart-
ments.

WEEKLY PREMIUMS.

ANNUAL PREMIUMS.

Either of the above Risks covered separately, or Combined Policies are issued.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men with good records given Liberal Terms.

£5 and £6 (Weekly Premium) Debts have been built up in 6 to 8 months. New districts are being opened and Assistant Superintendents and District Superintendents are frequently wanted. Promotion is rapid with good and capable men. The Policies are attractive and offer most unique and liberal benefits to the public. The Industrial Premiums vary from One Penny to One Pound per week, and in the Ordinary Branch the Premiums are below the annual rates of many other offices. The present is an opportune time for securing an Appointment.

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. [Mention this Magazine.]

Instant Relief.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

OUR CHRISTMAS BOX SCHEME.—In answer to many enquiries, we beg to say that readers giving away copies of our journal to their friends and acquaintances MAY RETAIN THE BENEFIT OF THE NUMBERS ON THE COVERS OF SUCH COPIES BY COPYING SUCH NUMBERS ON THE COUPONS THEY FORWARD US. This will obviate the necessity for cutting the numbers off the covers. We CANNOT, in connection with this scheme, SUPPLY FREE COPIES FOR DISTRIBUTION.

M. H. S. (London) AND OTHERS.—We shouldn't like to leave the crank alone with Salome!

G. G. (Sheffield).—We wish you luck in your appeal, but the matter is one of local interest.

G. L. (Anerley) complains bitterly, and, if what he says is correct, not without cause, at having been included by the *Daily Chronicle* in a list of persons who were saved from suicide by the Salvation Army. He should consult a solicitor.

T. F. S. (Seaview), while agreeing on the whole with Jim Crow's strictures on bathing resorts, suggests that his own particular place is the exception which proves the rule. He says that he has worked for the past nine years for a Mr. Cawa, who is responsible for the building of a great part of Seaview, and that some of the houses are called The Rookery, The Perch, Crow's Nest, &c.

"NUGGER" (Upper Clapton).—There is just as much dissension in the Tory Party. You should hear some of them talk about Arthur.

"CONSTANT READER" (Carlisle).—No doubt it is a very flattering offer to want to include your biography in a book about "Cumberland Leaders," but how do you know that it would have any circulation?

V. F. (Spitalfields).—We answer letters as quickly as we can, but there are many of them.

M. C. B. (Elgin Avenue) protests against a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* about the Jewish laws of divorce. But where else should Jews air their opinions?

J. H. McL. (Madrid) took our advice and went to the Hotel Inglés, and writes to express his delight.

J. P. (Harnsbury) has been making bets on the question whether the Queen of Spain brought her children with her. Two Sunday papers gave a different version. We are not sufficiently familiar with Royalty to decide, but we believe the "Noes" have it.

"CACOPHONOUS SCREAMING" (Cardiff).—It looks like a rotten competition, but the small number of competitors would probably increase your chance of a prize.

An anonymous correspondent at Brockley informs G. W. F. (Manchester) that Mr. Forster was buried at Menston, near Otley.

H. E. H. F. (New Kent Road) thinks that Lord Cromer and Lord Roberts deserve every penny that they have received or will receive. We can only conclude that he is not a taxpayer.

W. R. K. (Wimbledon) sent us a biscuit and now says it was a mistake. Will he please consider himself fined and smacked?

J. F. W. (Glasgow).—The circumstances of Russia are very different from those of Serbia. In one case the ruler is more or less helpless; in the other he is a deliberate murderer. Call us a Fool as ye will; but, for mercy's sake, not a Sycophant!

"MICAWBER."—Our matter is written many days before that which appears in the *Express* or any other morning paper.

G. H. (Attercliffe) can draw a very nice bulldog, but we really cannot read letters in dialect or even in Esperanto.

A. C. F. (Antofagasta, Chile) likes us very much, but regrets that his copy is "rather out of date" when it reaches him. We must have a special issue for transmission by wireless telegraphy.

W. R. (Bruce Grove).—Thanks for the "howlers," some of which are quite funny. Unfortunately our honesty prevents our annexing them from another paper.

"AN ANGLO-INDIAN" can possibly obtain a copy of "Russell's India" by communicating with Mr. Matthews, Brentor, Retreat Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.

G. D. (Kingston-on-Thames).—We do not quite follow your complaint. What did burning phosphoric acid on the counter prove? Afraid we are not scientific enough to express an opinion on your dispute with the shopman.

T. H. (Mount Garnet, N. Queensland).—Afraid you are confusing several other firms with the one you name, as we have seen a copy of a letter, dated March 20th last, returning you the amount you claim.

F. W. (Birmingham) asks whether we can tell him "if the method of Sloan-Duployan shorthand, as taught by the Sloan-Duployan Shorthand Company, of Ramsgate, is genuine, and if it is as easily learnt as stated by their advertisements." It is certainly genuine, and if he has a particular fancy for the system, we advise him to learn it. Probably all shorthand publishers exaggerate the ease with which their systems may be learnt.

Mrs. GEORGINA WELDON.—Mr. Theodore Dahle raises his best hat. Mrs. BARKLEY (Woodford Bridge).—If true, it is undoubtedly remarkable that your daughter should be deprived of a scholarship she had won at the Loughton High School because she had a dirty neck. The teacher should be told this sort of thing won't wash.

W. B. (Doncaster).—We find it difficult to believe that the Boer is unduly loved in Cape Colony.

"BACHELOR" (Bournemouth).—Not aware of any Biblical text prohibiting the restriction of families. In those days, you see, the labour problem was not as acute as it is now.

P. W. MADDEN (Streatham).—Seems certainly original for a man to reply to an "ad." for a situation by sticking the "ad." on a card and writing his name and address above, with the laconic words, "£5 a week." So original, in fact, that we should have sought an interview with him at once. A man who wastes neither time nor money is the sort of man you ought to want. Afraid you have missed a good thing. Or there might be one of life's little tragedies behind that postcard. Who knows?

W. E. BUCKLEY (Southport).—Sorry our pen slipped. E. W. DUNN (AND OTHERS) (Grimsby).—Thanks. Dealt with. ARTHUR ARUNDEL (Birmingham).—Probably the wind blew your poem into the office fire. If we come across the ashes you can have 'em.

NANCY (Bayswater).—It is journalistic depravity of a shocking kind. For compliments, thanks.

OPTIONS

Comparatively speaking the **British Public** has hitherto taken but little interest in that method of **operating on the Stock Exchange** known as Options, though for many years past it has been a highly favourite means with shrewd financiers generally, both on the Continent and in America.

Two great attractions loom out before all the remaining important advantages of Option Dealing. In the first place, the exact limit of liability is definitely known at the outset; in the second, temporary set-backs, passing panics, and unforeseen collapses may be disregarded, and viewed with equanimity by the operator.

CALL OPTIONS must commend themselves to all, as this system is safe, effective, and easy, and **big profits** may be earned with a **minimum cash outlay** and risk. Purchasers of Options in Home and American Rails at ruling prices will doubtless be congratulating themselves in the near future, and the present opportune moment should be utilised for immediate operations.

LOWEST OPTION RATES
In Home and American
Rails, Mining and Industrial
Shares.

RATES and HANDBOOK

Gratis and Post Free from

**MILNE, SON
& HAMILTON,**

SWAN CHAMBERS,

GREAT SWAN ALLEY, LONDON, E.C.

H. O. O'R. (Purley).—Glad you agree with us that the Liberal organisers stick their heads too high above street-corner propaganda—except when they get into a funk at bye-elections.

"GOVANTER."—So that funny little man whom the Mullingar people chased and captured for a leprechaun is still on show in Glasgow, eh? Well, well, it's a queer thing the Scots can't make a few bawbees out of.

A. F. W. (Madron).—But, you see, the motor-car was travelling at a dangerous speed in a dangerous place, though it might well have been that even if the chauffeur had driven more slowly he could not have averted the accident.

L. G. D. (Wokingham).—Hankey & Co. again! Giving a tramp two months' hard for inflicting a shilling's worth of damage in the workhouse is characteristic of their ideas of justice. Wish we could give 'em two months for doing it.

G. A. COLE (Isan Mines).—Wrong shop. We don't sell the "Pillar of Fire," the "Throne of the House of David," "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," or any other books, or bunnions. Try the Religious Tract Society.

A. H. H. (Sparkbrook).—Note advertisement, "Woman (respectable) wants two or three days' cleaning or washing; abstainer." We should think she was.

"KINGSTON RATEPAYER."—Obliged. Note your growl, and may join in the music.

R. T. (Batham) had the misfortune a few years ago to be sent to prison for three months for buying certain stolen articles—innocently, he says. But having paid the penalty of his crime, or folly, he complains that a detective recently called on his employer and informed him of the above incident, with the result that R. T. lost his job. We can hardly credit such a story. If it be true, R. T. should send a complaint, through his local M.P., to the Home Secretary.

H. B. (Pinsbury).—If you will state, in a concise paragraph, the point we omitted from your article we'll find room for it; but the "spirit photo" discussion is closed.

H. W. (Redhill).—Your suggestion is being carried out.

T. L. D. (London). Go to!

F. E. P. (Woking).—Sorry if we have offended you. We thought the paragraph rather sympathetic.

G. A. D. (Stamford) calls our attention to an advertisement in the *Wellington Journal*, "Lady wants Shetland pony for baby with long mane and tail," and would like to see a collection of such things in "Bull's Eyes." He shall.

"SCPTICAL" (Wimbledon) thinks Archdeacon Colley, who is paid to teach the Bible, should study some of its words before talking further about "spirit photos." The strongest example he gives is, "The dead know not any thing" (Ecc. ix. 5).

H. O. M. (Lee) sends us a copy of the *Kalpurly Eye Opener*, which does not belie its name. Many of its caustic comments apply equally to English politics, as the situation over there appears to be much the same as here. We much enjoyed its perusal. But doesn't the Editor fear actions for libel or personal assault?

"NIP" (Thanet).—Surely no vendor of a secret cure should be prosecuted simply because the price he charges for his physic shows an enormous percentage of profit. Do not pharmacutists and doctors do the same? The charges against the Brighton man were much more serious, including as they did a species of blackmail. We dealt fully with these some months ago.

C. C. (Felixstowe) sends us 2s. for poor Wm. Edmondson, who was sent to gaol for hawking without a licence. Upon his release, finding his wife and family starving, he stole 5d. worth of potatoes, the property of the King, and some refuse bread from a pig tub. For this, the Aldershot Shallows have just fined him 31s. 6d., or six weeks' imprisonment. Can any reader give us the address of Mrs. Edmondson?

A. G. (South Yardley) and others want to know about the Editor's gee-gee for the Autumn Handicaps. We refer them to our Racing Notes.

J. D. (Felling-on-Tyne).—*The Two Worlds* is in a fog.

W. G. (Leeds).—The coupon is now on the cover.

W. J. C. (Dublin).—We have done with "spirit photos" for the moment.

Rev. R. H. S. (Durham) sends us further information about the swindling medium, Chambers, to whom we recently referred.

"BUSTER BROWN" (Leicester).—Don't you get angry with us, old chap.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Aldershot).—The toll-gate idea for motorists is an old one—but none the worse for all that; although it would have its inconveniences for general traffic.

R. C. (Stamford Hill).—We'll think it over.

A. W. (Spalding) and P. G. C. (ditto) send us a report of a speech by Mr. H. R. Mansfield, M.P., on the Licensing Bill, in which he asks his audience to consider how Jesus Christ would have voted on the measure. We regard all such "arguments" as these, like those of Mr. Richards, M.P., to which we refer elsewhere, as beneath serious notice. But we'll have a word with the hon. member in the House.

W. H. (West Bridgford).—We have inquired into the matter and understand that you were put into direct touch with two firms who had given Messrs. Haggoods instructions to fill vacancies for which you were apparently qualified. It is, of course, impossible for us to say why you did not get one of the jobs. The real trouble appears to be that Haggoods will not give you the references regarding you with which they have been supplied, without the authority of the people who gave them being first obtained. Surely they did not undertake to find you a position in return for a guinea?

M. A. (Victoria St., S.W.). "AN IRISH READER," J. J. (Reigate), A. W. F. W. (Liss) and others.—We are grateful for copies of papers containing the swindling advertisements of "Arnold and Butler," the wrong 'uns. The salt cellar has been much in use.

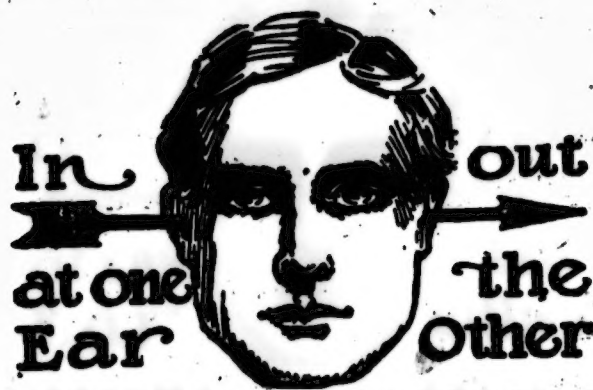
"PORTY OF P. G." writes to say that the clerk at Palmer's Green is "one of the most civil, obliging, and courteous young men to be found at any bookstall on the G.N.R." Surely that must be a libel upon the other clerks employed on the line. The truth of R. W.'s statement has not been denied.

"CONSTANT READER" (Dalston).—Why do people part with money to these agencies before getting situations—after all our warnings.

H. H. (London).—It does seem strange that so many public-houses escape injury, whilst chapels get "struck." We must raise the point when the Licensing Bill is again under discussion.

H. W. M. (Doncaster).—We quite agree that if the Mayor objects to racing, he should decline to benefit by the reduced rates due to the Corporation's profits on the race-course. We hope the King didn't miss His Worship very much.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)



MEMORY and MONEY.

Mind-Wandering, Brain-Wear, Failure at Exams, Business Losses, may be avoided by giving the small amount of time necessary to the acquisition of a perfectly-trained memory. Thousands of successful men, women, and students owe their success to their memory, and they owe their memory to

THE PELMAN-FOSTER SYSTEM OF MEMORY TRAINING

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Business Men, Clerks, and Students trained by this System develop the faculty of memory to a remarkable degree. They not only profit by knowledge and experience, but find its acquisition less tedious, and an enormous saving of time effected.

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"We have investigated, and have no hesitation in advising readers to take the course of lessons."

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Doctors, Journalists, Students, Lawyers, Clergymen, Editors, Business Men, Clerks, Bankers, Mechanics, Civil Servants, Architects, Army and Navy Officers write in praise of the Pelman-Foster System and its remarkable effect upon mental capacity. Thousands of testimonials and newspaper recommendations received from every part of the world.

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The Pelman-Foster System is taught in five postal lessons.

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In your own interest investigate the claims made for the System. Write to-day for free explanatory pamphlet, pupils' testimonials, Press opinions, and terms.

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The Sloan-Downey system saves a year's study and produces the highest speed. Awarded 13 Gold Medals. Illustrated Handbook with specimen in non-free.

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ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting, that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation, which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy. Of all Chemists 1/- Send 2d. for sample to (Dept. 208) 141, Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

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Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
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2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
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12, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, MANCHESTER.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 317.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

Executives Study their Own Pockets.

The scramble for the cards upon arrival at a meeting only endorses my opinion that for the public convenience the official programme should be on sale at every railway terminus whence the race trains start.

Not Uncommon.

Pendule, the useful but unlucky sprinter, has met with a slight accident in the stable since last season, and now has only one eye. She is nevertheless very smart under the gate, and it is no deterrent to her galloping ability.

A Racing Paradox.

An appropriate assumed name is that of Mr. "Frank," just registered, and it reminds one that the more "open" owners are in racing, the longer the prices their horses start at and the more successful they are in the long run.

A New Sporting Club.

The National Club, established for so many years at Brompton Road, ceases to exist this week in consequence of the lease of the premises expiring, but a new club is being formed, and will be established but a few yards from the old site.

Reminiscent.

"Some Yorkshire Racing Records of now Extinct Meetings" is a very interesting little brochure compiled by J. Fairfax Blakeborough. It will especially appeal to the many old timers who look back with pride upon the old-fashioned type of fixtures which are now so very few.

Seeks to Go Abroad.

The name of S. Barrett, the Southwick trainer, has for a generation been associated successfully with racing, and therefore the fact that his son, who can ride 8 st. 12 lbs., desires a position abroad for either flat-racing or cross-country will be news gladly learned by many who have horses in training in our colonies, especially South Africa. Young Barrett has had plenty of experience, and can naturally ride well.

The New Albert.

I recently had a look over the new premises of the Albert Club, which is certainly now an ideal and real cosy club. Finding from experience what the needs of members are, arrangements are being made in accordance, and the dining tables are now set out in the main ground floor room, so that those present can lunch and still not be away from their business or the tape. The billiard room, too, has been moved from the basement to the first floor. Being so entirely new, it is not yet possible to properly paper the walls of the building, but everything is very comfortable and quite luxurious, whilst under the management of Mr. Lainge the advancement of the club is now assured.

Prophetic.

Looking a little ahead, PRECENTOR—who quite recently went into Digby's charge, having also changed ownership—may win next Monday's Nottingham Handicap if he can beat the invariably disappointing Reality, while the SANDFLAKE colt's running for a mile against the cracks at Newbury would about make him win the October Selling Plate at Alexandra Park on Saturday.

If the rumour, current at the moment of writing these notes regarding Malua's breakdown be true, the ill-luck which Mr. Geo. Faber has experienced with this horse, and almost all his expensive purchases, has truly been clinched. In the chestnut's absence,

PRIMER

should be a practical "certainty" on Thursday, whilst the Cambridgeshire issue becomes even more open.

No animal has been more disappointing this year than

HILL CLIMBER,

and if he does not win the Welter Handicap at Newmarket to-day (Thursday), he should not be further trained.

Many inquiries naturally reach me about Carnegie. I can only say that up to the present the stable has not backed him; but he runs in a public trial in the Nottingham Handicap next Monday, and will be ridden by Earl, who will also have the mount in the big race. He is a big handful for a boy, but if he wins on Monday he must have a chance. The five pounds penalty will not make much difference, as Earl, in any case, could not do under 6st. 9lbs. If he can't win at Nottingham he has no chance.

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see page 321.